

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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By Post 6½d.



MDLLE. OSTAVA TORRIANI.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

CESAREWICH DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.
SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, Conveying First, Second, and Third Class Passengers, at ordinary fares, will be run between Cambridge and London as under:

LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE.	CAMBRIDGE TO LONDON.		
A.	B.	C.	
Monday and Tuesday 9th and 10th Oct.	Tuesday 10th Oct.	Friday 13th Oct.	
a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
King's Cross dep. 9.20	Cambridge dep. 6.40 ... 5.0		
Finsbury Park " 9.26	Finsbury Park arr. 7.55 ... 6.15		
	King's Cross arr. 8.0 ... 6.20		

A. In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

B. In connection with the 5.55 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

C. In connection with the 4.22 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

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Ordinary Trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 a.m. and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the Return Trains.

For further particulars see small bills.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.
London, King's Cross, October, 1876.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

GODSTONE STEEPELCHASES.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12TH.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS TO GODSTONE AND BACK.

LEAVING	1, 2, 3 Class.	1st Class only.
Charing Cross	a.m.	p.m.
Waterloo	10.55 ...	12.10
Cannon Street	11.0 ...	12.15
London Bridge	11.8 ...	12.20
Returning from GODSTONE:-	11.12 ...	12.26

First Class only at 5.30 p.m.

First, Second, and Third Class ... " 6.0 p.m.

FARES:-

First Class, 8s. 6d.; Second Class, 5s. 9d.; Third Class, 3s. 9d.

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ROUTE to India.—First-class passenger steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

TRINACRIA Saturday, Oct. 21 Saturday, October 28.

EUROPA Saturday, Nov. 11 Saturday, November 18.

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First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

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Is the most agreeable and most wholesome accompaniment for

STEWED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS.

Take one quart of milk and mix with it four ounces, or four table-spoonfuls of the Corn Flour; flavour to taste, then boil for eight minutes, allow it to cool in a mould, and serve up with stewed fruit of any kind.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility; a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by GROCERS TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

THE GLACIARIUM. THE FIRST AND ONLY REAL ICE-RINK IN EXISTENCE.

THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE,

379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1876.

HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

PATTERNS FREE.—BLACK SILKS, bought

at Lyons before the great rise in prices.—Messrs. JAY were fortunate enough to purchase, a week before the rise, at remarkably low prices, about £20,000 of BLACK SILKS, consequently they are now in a position to offer the following advantages to customers:

Good BLACK SILK, 4s. 9d. per yard; present value, 7s. 6d.

" " 5s. 9d. " 8s. 6d.

" " 5s. 9d. " 9s. 6d.

By all receivers of patterns a comparison of the width and quality of Messrs. Jay's Silks is respectfully solicited by the firm.

JAYS', Regent-street.

FOREIGN VELVETS, from 4s. 6d. per yard.

Messrs. JAY, having had consigned to them, before the present rise in the price of Silk, a very large stock of these elegant dress materials, they are thereby enabled to sell Black Foreign Velvets at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

JAYS', Regent-street.

TWO GUINEAS and 2½ GUINEAS EVENING DRESSES.—The newest and most fashionable style, and made of non-crushing black tulle. Engravings of the same postage free on application.

JAYS', Regent Street.

ELEGANT COSTUMES.—MESSRS. JAY

have received their PARISIAN COSTUMES. They are quite new in shape and garniture, the amplified style of a late period is avoided, and also the tight-fitting costume which one or two French couturières introduced in the spring of this year.

JAYS', Regent Street.

NOUVELLE'S MODES DES CHAPEAUX.

Messrs. JAY'S Modiste Française has selected in Paris the newest autumn millinery, all of which is in excellent taste, without extravagance.

Ladies are specially invited to inspect this new importation of fashionable BONNETS and HATS, trimmed with fur, feathers, and other original garnitures Parisiennes.

JAYS'.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

Regent-street, W.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Artistes—Mdlle. Bianchi and Miss Agnes Larkcom, Signor De Bassini (from the principal theatres of Italy) and Medica, Violinist—Herr Wilhelmj. Soloists, Messrs. A. Burnett (Leader), Viotti Collins, Howard Reynolds, Hughes, Horton, Harvey, &c. Magnificent Orchestra of 100 performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards (F. Godfrey).

"Grand Funeral March," from the *Götterdämmerung*, last portion of Wagner's *musik-drama*, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which lately produced such a profound sensation at Bayreuth. Conducted by Signor Arditi, and led by Herr Wilhelmj, as at Bayreuth. Every Evening.

CLASSICAL NIGHT, WEDNESDAY NEXT.

GRAND BALLAD NIGHT, THURSDAY NEXT, October 12; Mr. Wilford Morgan, Mr. Maybrick, &c., in addition to the artistes appearing nightly. Theatre beautifully decorated by Dayes and Caney, and rendered delightfully cool by Fountains, Ferneries, &c. (by Dick Radcliffe and Co.), interspersed with huge blocks of ice. Refreshments by Messrs. Gatti, of the Royal Adelaide Gallery, Adelaide-street, Strand.

Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

Box-office open from 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. J. RUSSELL.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—This Evening, at 7, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS. At 7.45, RICHARD III. Mr. Barry Sullivan, Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart, C. Vandenhoff, F. Tyars, H. Russell, H. Evans, P. Bell, J. Johnstone, R. Dolman, C. H. Fenton; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mesdames F. Huddart, G. Stuart, Miss and Master Grattan. THE STORM FIEND.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—Every Evening, at 7.30, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. After which, at 8.20, a new and original Drama, in Three Acts, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH. Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, Weatherby, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7. Box-office open 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. H. Griffiths.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CARL ROSA

OPERA COMPANY.—Saturday, October 7th, "Water Carrier," Monday, 9th, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," Tuesday, 10th, "Zampa;" Wednesday, 11th, "Bohemian Girl;" Thursday, 12th, "Lily of Killarney;" Friday, 13th, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" Saturday, 14th, "Trovatore." Conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa.

BOX OFFICE OPEN Ten till Five. NO BOOKING FEES. Seats

may also be secured at the Libraries, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Engagement of Miss Heath, who will appear in a New and Original Play, entitled JANE SHORE. On Monday, and during the week, the performances will commence with the Farce of MR. AND MRS. WHITE. Characters by Messrs. H. Jackson, J. W. Ford, C. Furtado; Mesdames L. Adair, M. Hayes, and Fanny Leslie. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills, Author of the Plays of "Charles I.," "Eugene Aram," &c. Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Reville, P. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. McIlion, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with, at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE, by the Wonderful Martiniello Company of American Artistes. Prices, 6d. to £3.3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

"JANE SHORE."—MISS HEATH will appear Every Evening in a New and Original Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, John Coleman.—HENRY V., Phelps and Coleman, at 7.45. The Event of the Season, supported by Messrs. Mead, Ryder, Moore, Kilpack, Coyne, Gordon, Morton, Sandford, Jordan, Percival; Mesdames Leighton, Phillips, Kirby, and Miss Fowler. "The most striking spectacle the stage has ever seen"—*Globe*. "This magnificent representation"—*Pall Mall Gazette*. "Will fill the Queen's for months to come"—*Echo*. "Presented with the utmost grandeur the scenic appliances of the day can command"—*Saturday Review*. Morning Performances every Saturday at 2, in which Phelps and Coleman appear, supported by the entire strength of the company. Schools and children, half-price. Places may be secured a month in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—MR. HENRY NEVILLE

Sole Lessee.—THE DUKE'S DEVICE, formerly represented at the Lyceum as THE DUKE'S MOTTO. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at Seven by KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER. Mr. Henry Neville, Messrs. Archer, Flockton, W. J. Hill, Pateman. Misses Carlisle, Crawford, Beaumont, Cowell, and Dubois. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MR. EDGAR BRUCE

begs to announce that the REGULAR SEASON has commenced, and Mr. Burnett's Celebrated Drama, "JO," has been revived with greater success than ever, MISS JENNIE LEE reappearing every evening in her wonderfully realistic and artistic impersonation of the Street Arab, supported by the Original Company. Mr. Wallis Mackay's "Breezy Sketch," THE WAY OF THE WIND, at 7.30. Mr. Burnett's Drama, "JO," at 8.15. Doors open at 7. Secure your seats at Box-office or Libraries. Prices 6d. to £3.3s. Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee

and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—Every Evening, at 7, READING FOR THE BAR. At 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Mr. W. H. Vernon, Miss Ada Swanborough. At 8.45, PRINCESS TOTO. Messrs. Cox, Taylor, Marius; Mesdames Kate Santley, Lottie Venne, &c.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLING; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, Charles Warner, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.—THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE, an acknowledged success. 152nd night. Return of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Winter Season. On Monday and Every Evening, at 7.30, a comic drama, in two acts, entitled MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS (first time in this Theatre); Messrs. Clarke, Righton, Standing; Mesdames Duncan, Eastlake, Bruce, Vining, Hathaway, Hope, Holme, and Graham. At 9, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE: supported by Charles Wyndham, Edward Righton, H. Standing, and John Clarke; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, C. Hope, E. Vining, Hathaway, Eastlake, Myra Holme, E. Bruce, and Emily Duncan. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

THE FOLLY THEATRE (Late CHARING CROSS), now undergoing entire re-construction and elaborate

decoration, from the designs of, and under the superintendence of Thomas Verity, Esq., will be completed and opened on Monday, 16th October, under the management of Mr. Alex. Henderson, on which occasion Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in Farine's celebrated burlesque of BLUE BEARD, for a limited number of nights, supported by all the original company, as performed upwards of 1,000 times. The present revival will be marked by new scenery and dresses, a partially re-written text, and the introduction of new music. The Burlesque will be preceded with a new Comedy. The Box-office will be opened at the Theatre in King William-street, on Monday, 9th instant. Seats can also be secured at all the libraries. Acting Manager, Mr. J. S. Scanlan.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every

Evening, at Eight, BROEKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the Stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

will contain, amongst other Illustrations,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

JANE SHORE.—Our notice of this new piece is held over, to appear with our portrait of Miss Heath next week.

SPORTING.

JEMMY JACK.—The story belongs to the Duke of Queensbury, and runs as follows: Dick Goodison, the jockey, was offered, on one occasion, a large sum to "throw the Duke over," and having informed his master, was by him told to accept it. Dick did so. Just as Dick was on the eve of mounting for the race, "Old Q." as the Duke was called, said to him aloud, "stop Dick?" and throwing off his top coat, appeared in full racing costume, adding, "This is a nice handy nag to ride, I'll get up myself, just for the fun of the thing." He did so, and won in a canter.

"A YORKSHIRE TYKE."—The Duke of Cleveland paid £12,000 for Swiss, Swab, Barefoot and Memnon, and 3,500 guineas for Trustee and Liverpool.

DRAMATIC.

S. B.—Mrs. Stirling was born in Queen-street, May Fair. Her father was Captain Hehl, a gentleman of German descent, and she was educated in France. She made her first appearance when very young at a small eastern theatre (which ceased to exist many years ago) under the name of Clifton.

W. E. FARE.—Douglas Jerrold received a regular weekly salary as dramatist to the Coburg, as he did afterwards at the Surrey Theatre, where his *Black-eyed Susan* was produced. At the latter house, Elliston was then manager, and the salary Jerrold received was five pounds per week. He became manager of the Strand Theatre in conjunction with his brother-in-law, and there acted in some of his own productions in 1836, but was not successful. We cannot answer your other queries.

W. B.—*Louis XI.* was played at Drury Lane in the February of 1853, when the part of *Louis XI.* was played by Mr. E. L. Davenport, and that of Marie de Comine by Miss F. Vining.

HENRY COOKE.—"Motions" were puppet plays which were common in ancient times in this and in other countries. In 1797 Shakespeare's play of *Macbeth* was represented with Puppets, by a person named Henry Rowe, and in the reign of Charles II. the regular players petitioned the king to suppress a puppet play in the Strand, on the ground that its attractiveness was injuring the legitimate drama. Henry Rowe's exhibition was a famous one in old London. He had been a trumpeter at the battle of Culloden, and retiring to York used to blow his trumpet before the judges when twice a year they visited that City, and was therefore often known as "The York Trumpeter." In the year we have named he published his puppet edition of *Macbeth*. The following lines were written on the occasion of his death:

When the great angel blows the judgment trump,
He also must give Harry Rowe a thump;
If not, poor Harry never will awake,
But think the trumpet is blown by mistake;
He blew it all his life with greatest skill,
And but for want of breath had blown it still.

Puppet-plays were well-known in the time of Shakespeare.

THESPIS.—Mr. W. R. Crawford made his first appearance at the Bower Saloon when it was under the management of Mr. Biddle, and went from that house to the Britannia Saloon, Hoxton, which some years after became the present Britannia Theatre.

SAMARITAN.—John Emery never received more than £14 per week.

FREDERICK WYE.—In 1860, Mr. Henry Irving, who had then attained considerable reputation as a provincial actor, made his appearance in London as a dramatic reader at Crosby Hall, and, as we glean from the newspaper notices, with great success.

S. B. B.—Mr. David Fisher was the original Faust in *Faust and Marguerite*.

FLOWER.—*Henry V.* was revived by Macready, and the chorus was recited by Vandenhoff.

MUSICAL.

A. BACHELOR.—Charles Mozart was a poor music master at Milan when his fame was at its greatest, and his beautiful compositions were delighting artists in all quarters of the globe.

SYDNEY JOSEPHS.—The celebrated Anastasia Robinson, afterwards Lady Peterborough, made her first appearance as an operatic singer in 1714. Her voice was a contralto, and her salary for the season was, Dr. Burney says, a thousand pounds, which sum was about doubled by her benefit and other special privileges.

C. SHEARING.—Barcarolla is the name given to a song such as the gondoliers of Venice used to sing and often compose, of a light pleasant character, the stanzas of which were caught up in one gondola from another.

FRANK LOBB.—Anfossi was born at Naples in 1729, and studied music under Sacchini. His *Persecuted Unknown* was performed in 1771, in the Theatre Delle Dame at Rome. He was musical director of the London Italian Opera in 1783.

CHESS.

A. H., W. S. Murray, Martyr, L. A. C., S. A. G. (Birmingham), Tor Royal and P. S. Shenele. The solutions sent are correct.

W. S. MURRAY.—We believe the move does not occur in any of the books, but was suggested by the late Herr Lowenthal in a magazine article.

A. J. S.—The position sent is palpably drawn, whichever side has the move.

P. S. SHENELE.—Many thanks for the problems.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. THORNHILL.—The picture from the *Beggars' Opera*, of which you have seen a copy, was by Mr. Stuart Newton, was purchased from the painter by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and was exhibited at Somerset House in 1826.

A. POOR SCREWE.—It is certain that Sir Walter Scott not only indirectly, but directly, denied that he was the author of "Waverley," as witness the following letter, which was printed in Monsieur Gasselin's translation of the Waverley novels into French:—

"To M. Defauconpret, London.

"Sir,—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition that I am the author of 'Waverley,' and other novels and tales, which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatsoever, either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author, or his works, may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him."

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

FERN HILL.—At the time the promise was made there was a prospect of its fulfilment. For the rest we must be allowed to make or break our own in such matters as that in question—at our pleasure.

W. H. H., Wigton.—Thanks. It would be premature to discuss your proposals just now. Write again—when the events you refer to are closer at hand.

"COVERT," Toronto.—You will see that we availed ourselves of your communication in our last number. Write whenever you feel "called upon" to do so. Your letters are invariably welcome.

F. A. L., Bayswater.—No room at present.

J. S., Manchester.—We contemplate making arrangements in another quarter, that would include the carrying out of your suggestion.

H. J. asks us if we can inform him "what is the rate of payment for short stories in the *London Journal*?" As we never had the honour of contributing to its distinguished pages, we are unable to reply; but we do happen to know that for an unusually good story of its class, filling more than eight columns in last week's number of *Bow Bells*, the lady who wrote it received a very large sum indeed—no less than ten shillings! At that rate the pay is fifteen pence per column; but there are not many established journals in so flourishing a position as to enable the proprietors to be thus liberal—thank goodness!

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

JUSTICE is tempered with mercy at Boston, in Lincolnshire, but not at the neighbouring city—it must be a city—of Spilsby. At the North Holland Petty Sessions, held at the former place, Samuel Johnson, labourer, of Algar-kirk, was charged by Joseph Westland, labourer, of Kirton, with an assault. From the complainant's account, it seemed that the assault was of a serious character, and was given without any provocation. He was at work with a threshing machine, when defendant came up to him, and

told him he was going away, but before he did so he intended to thrash him (the complainant). He struck him twice, and knocked him down. He called a witness, who corroborated his statement. The magistrates, who evidently appreciated the practical humour of Samuel Johnson, advised that the case should be settled out of court, which course was adopted. At Spilsby, the Bench (which is consoling strong in the clerical element) manifested their appreciation of bucolic humour in a different manner. Eliza Maskell, a domestic servant, was charged on remand with wilfully damaging a chair and a door of her master's. Prosecutor stated that, on a certain day, the girl was disobedient to orders, and at night refused to retire to bed as usual, whereupon she was carried by two lads to her dormitory, the door of which she, in retaliation, assailed, and also broke a chair therein, which was the damage complained of. The accused, who stood sobbing in court, and refused to answer any questions or to justify her conduct, was ordered to pay 4s. damage, 6d. fine, and costs, £1 1s. 8d. In default, she was committed for fourteen days. Without pretending to be learned in the law, we would ask if the gentleman-farmer, named Stones, or, at any rate, those lads of his, were not guilty of an assault, which unhappy Eliza Maskell's refusal to retire to her dormitory (ahem!) wholly failed to justify. As for the parson-magistrates of Lincolnshire, they have long been past praying for.

CAPTAIN DENISON, M.P., is reported to have said, in reference to the Eastern barbarities, that "the Turks had been driven to it." Mr. Spurgeon thinks the time has arrived "to speak thunderbolts and glance lightning." The gallant captain must have been thinking of another East—nearer Whitechapel—when he made that excuse for his friends, the Turks. Every costermonger in that delightful district who is rudely called upon to explain why he has danced a hob-nailed saraband on his wife's head, will tell you that "he was driven to it." As for Mr. Spurgeon, let him abstain from speaking thunderbolts and glancing lightning, and give his mind to sweating his flock at the Tabernacle out of their greasy guineas. Money, and not mouthing, is wanted in Bulgaria.

WE find in the *Medium and Daybreak* that "a few evenings ago, Mrs. Bassett, the well-known medium, gave a unique séance at the Spiritual Institution to a few friends privately convened. The sitting was held in the dark; the manifestations were almost wholly the direct spirit-voice. 'James Lombard' conversed for a long time, answering questions with great vigour and sharpness. Another spirit also spoke. The voices are quite unlike that of the medium, and also distinct from each other, that of 'James Lombard' is so gruff that it could not be simulated without causing great derangement to the vocal organs. Yet Mrs. Bassett speaks in her proper tone in the midst of his most boisterous passages, and at the close she sang in a beautiful clear voice, 'I heard a spirit sing,' some of the notes being very high, showing that her voice had not been used in the conversation we had previously heard." The double-barrelled idea conveyed in the sentences which we have printed in italics is sheer nonsense. If the writer of the above paragraph had witnessed the polyphonic performances of the late Mr. Love, or assisted at Mr. Maccabe's "Begone Dull Care," or seen Mrs. Howard Paul's entertainments, he would, we imagine, have hesitated more than the Gladstonian number of times ere writing of "a voice so gruff that it could not be simulated without great derangement of the vocal organs."

CONCERNING Dr. Slade. Although the editor of the journal named above justifiably reckons us amongst his regular readers, it is no news to ours to say that when we refer to the *Medium* it is invariably with the view of obtaining from its amusing pages a peg whereon to hang "a timely joke." We are not, therefore, to be included either amongst the believers in the genuineness of Dr. Slade's mediumship, or his timorously wonderstruck admirers. But we, nevertheless, protest against his being tried as a swindler "by newspaper." We also protest in a lesser way, against introducing purely extraneous counts into the gratuitous indictment. One writer of influence maintains "that spiritualism, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is a low and vulgar form of fraud no sensible man for a moment questions." Now is this so? Is it not a fact that there are numbers of admittedly sensible men—men of the highest intellect and culture—men eminent in science and art, who hold a directly contrary opinion?

MR. DEAN, distinguished bootmaker, has, with fitting propriety, been appointed sole agent for the Stanhope skate.

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Porcupine* objects, on the ground of its "snobbishness," to the "two gentlemen named Stephenson," who are responsible for the new version of *Nos Intimes*, "having taken as noms de plume the names of the streets in which they live." Why snobbishness? The parties by the name of Stephenson (Messrs. Saville Row, and Bolton Row in the bill) may be house-agents or West-End property-owners for aught our genial gossip knows to the contrary. The mingling of dramatic honey with trade-wax is now an accepted principle in stage matters. Witness the local colour in *The Great Divorce Case* that is supplied by those allusions to the Bodega, and Blanchard's, and likewise the introduction of the scene at the Langham Hotel.

"THE numerous admirers of the popular English comedian, Mr. Charles Wyndham, will learn with pleasure," says the *New York Sportsman*, "that the accident which is said to have happened to him is not serious. It was feared at first that he had met with fatal injuries, having fallen through a crevasse whilst attempting to scale the Alps." Ah! exactly. It was the attempt to scale the Alps that was the cause of it all. But he could not do it. They were too heavy. In fact "it wasn't at all regular, Jack."

"In the village of Shoebury," remarks the *Spectator*, in a brief description of the trial of the 81-ton gun, "scarce a whole pane of glass was left, and in some cases even the sashes were snapped asunder. The tents of the officers and soldiers suffered still more. The results continue to be highly satisfactory"—especially to the villagers of Shoebury.

WE borrow from an American paper of facetious tendencies the following story:—"Charley Backus, of the San Francisco Minstrels, paid Cape May a visit a short time since, and, while sojourning at the Stockton, held converse with one of the old coloured waiters on duty in the dining hall. 'How dy'e, Uncle?' queried Backus of his sable attendant, 'How dy'e?' 'Pooty well, Massa; but not so well as I used to be. Ye see, I'se gettin' ole. I e'en't young niggah no mo'. I'se gettin' weak in the jints, an' I ee'n't able for to travel like I used to could, honey.' 'Well, well,' replied Backus, 'never mind, you're a good old soul, and some of these days you'll die and go up to heaven—to Abraham's boosserum, and then you'll be happy.' 'Chile, I dun' know about that hy'r. I done just believe that the poor white folks up thar will be bound to find work for us poor niggahs, just de same as down hy'ar.' 'Why, what could they put you doing in heaven, Uncle?' continued Backus. 'What could dey put us doin'? Why, chile, I believe dat if dey couldn't find any other kind of labour to do, dey'd put me to work pushin' clouds.'

"MR. STOTT, the Dover aeronaut, left Dover on Wednesday week for Germany, with the view of exhibiting his aerial machine to Prince Bismarck. Before starting he declined an offer by a gentleman of £2000 if he would only raise the machine from the ground. He had promised, he said, to let Prince Bismarck witness the first trial." Our only surprise is that the gentleman did not offer Mr. Stott £2,000,000 instead of £2000. In matters of this kind money is no object. It is merely—to use a rather vulgar word—a question of "swallow."

A DREADFUL young engineer-student has been formally and severely reprimanded by order of the Lords of the Admiralty for replying to the examiner in a facetious manner. The student when asked, "How would you proceed to get up steam?" answered, "Tighten your funnel stays and regulate your funnel draught, then look up to Our Father and say, 'I am ready to go home if the boiler fronts come out!'" The irreverent young rascal reminds one of that other student who to the question (Scripture section), "Who was Jesse?" replied, "The Flower of Dumblane."

WE recently had the pleasure of inspecting one of the latest additions to the fleet of the "Anchor Line" Company's steamships now numbering between thirty and forty vessels. A short description of the Alsatis will convey some idea of the efficiency of this important fleet. She was built at a cost of some £120,000, by Messrs. Henderson and Co., and is worked by very powerful machinery, her two cylinder engines, on the compound inverted principle, having a registered horse-power of 789, while working up to 2,000. Her length, divided into eight watertight compartments, is 357 feet, breadth of beam 37 feet, and depth of hold from main deck 31 feet. Her saloon accommodation, fitted for some 150 persons, and lying astern, is most comfortable; the intermediate arrangements seem peculiarly admirable; and the steerage passengers will also find several conveniences tending to their advantage. The saloon, carpeted, mirrored, and entered from the main deck by stairs amidships, is tastefully furnished, has well-filled library shelves, and a choice little conservatory overhead. All through the vessel the great absence of foul air was strikingly observable, this very desirable result being effected by a complete special ventilating apparatus wrought by a fly pump.

AFTER the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, Prince Leopold, accompanied by the Hon. A. Yorke and Dr. Royle, left in a special saloon carriage by an early train in the forenoon en route for Rothesay on a visit to the Marquis of Bute. The Artillery volunteers lined the entrance to the station, where a large crowd had assembled, although the weather was very wet. On Friday week played several excellent matches over the green, one of the most noteworthy being a foursome between Tom Morris and Jamie Anderson, against David Strath and A. Smith. The game, which consisted of one round, went in favour of the former couple by one hole. A three-ball match, which also attracted considerable attention, came off between Mr. Robert Clarke, Mr. David Lamb, and Jamie Anderson. Jamie won by three and two to play, while Mr. Clarke beat Mr. Lamb. The meeting was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last, by the annual competition to decide the year's championship, open to all comers. On the following Monday, the Golf Championship was decided in favour of Bob Martin, St. Andrews, who tied with Davie Strath, North Berwick, for the first place. Strath, however, it is said, had infringed one of the rules by playing up to one of the putting greens before another competing couple had played out, and hitting a spectator, and the question was referred to the General Council of the Royal Ancient Golf Club. The tie was to have been played off on Tuesday, under protest; but Strath refused to play with this restriction until the question was decided, and Martin walked over the course. Besides the custody of the trophy for a year, Martin gets a small medal in memento of his victory, and a small money prize of £10. Strath is awarded the second prize of £5. On the same day, a well-contested single, which attracted no little interest, came off between Tom Morris, St. Andrews, and William Park, Musselboro'. The game, which was a round, reckoned by strokes, was halved, each scored 91 strokes. The weather was showery, and the green heavy.

A CASE of some interest to members of "hare and hounds" clubs came before the Brentford magistrates on Saturday. Mr. William Davis, of the Manor House Farm, Greenford, summoned six young gentlemen, named Alfred Stavely, Henry Sorrell, Henry Leader, Robert Whiffen, Henry Wood, and Robert Stavely, pupils at Bolton House School, Turnham Green, for wilful damage to seven fences. The defendants passed over prosecutor's land, he having given them permission to do so, provided they kept to the paths. They, however, ran across several fields, and in getting over the fences broke several. It cost him £50 a year to repair the damage done by these "hare and hounds" clubs. The defendants denied doing any damage, and contended that Mr. Davis should first of all have asked them for the money, and not taken out a summons, as the principal of the school would have immediately paid any demand. They objected to being brought to the court as "criminals," saying, it was "a blow from behind, and not fair play." The magistrates said the damage done by these clubs was very great, and must be checked. As this was the first case before them, a fine of 5s. would be inflicted.

LAKE FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

AT this season of the year, says a Californian correspondent, we have our strong westerly trade winds. If these gales catch us anglers out on one of our large lakes, not far from the city and near the ocean, we have a hard time of it to get off in a boat to troll for salmon and trout. I have very lately had experience of the kind. A number of members of our new Sportsman's Club were at Lake San Andreas last week. We were all ready to push out into the lake to fish with the spoon bait, but one of these severe westers set in and kept most of the anglers ashore. I being an experienced oarsman, however, jumped into one of the plungers, and managed to head out through the high waves that broke quite heavily on the shore. My object was to cross the waters and operate under the lee of the mountains opposite, where the winds had comparatively but little force, being affected only by occasional strong puffs and eddies. As I crossed over with my rod over the boat's quarter with 150 feet of line out, my bait was, as usual, suddenly seized by a salmon, and taking up my rod in double-quick time, I found I had a good-sized fish to handle. He bent the top joints of my rod as much as I could allow him, without endangering them; in a moment he made a rush to the right with great strength, and I then had to give him some considerable length of line from my reel. Presently I found myself able, by giving him the butt of my rod pretty strongly, to turn him, and then he came very swiftly back to me, and my ability to reel in rapidly was put to rather strong test. But I was not quick enough for him, and he rushed right under my boat. If I had had another oarsman with me this thing could have been prevented. Then it was that some skill was required to take up an oar and turn the boat so that my line could clear it. This I fortunately was able to accomplish; and then came the task of checking him in the opposite direction to the first run he made. This I did without putting too much strain on my rod and line. Then his fish-ship came to the surface, and commenced a series of somersaults, which, unless I had thrown down to a certain angle the point of my rod, would have probably proved fatal to the strength of my line or hooks, by jerking them too violently at a strain, in his successive leaps. But hook and line held, and this danger was overcome. Then another risk had to be avoided, namely—the allowing him to reach the bottom and the weeds, and rub the hook from his jaws or throat, or wherever it had taken hold. By this time he began to show less power of being able to rush where he pleased, and I again, by putting on the strain, to prevent him from accomplishing this not uncommon feat of cunning and maneuvering, turned him from his evident purpose. After rushing hither and thither for a long time, he began at last to show unmistakable symptoms of exhaustion. After coming to the top several times, he finally was unable to descend further into his life-giving element. I kept him now permanently on the surface, and was enabled to keep his head and gills out of the water, and so "drowned him;" and then drawing him close to the skiff—notwithstanding the high and rough waves—with my rod in my right hand and landing net in the left, drew him over it, and then by lifting up my net under him, secured my much coveted prize. I then killed him, by driving my knife into his brain. I found that he weighed—by the scales I always carry with me—just four pounds and three-quarters.

The fish in these lakes are very game, and they therefore make a lively fight, I assure you, before they knock under to the force and skill exerted against them. I reached safely the opposite shore, and began to bait fish till the wind increased so much in violence as to render any sport almost hopeless. And so I found it at last. I then rowed against the storm of wind to a more sheltered point, but where the water was too shallow to hope for any success at all. The next movement was homeward, and across the lake again, and although the waves rolled very high, with white caps, and very threateningly toward the opposite homeshore, still, as the gale would be directly aft of the boat, I determined to make the attempt at any rate, and had but little doubt of success in reaching home in safety. I pushed off, and the wind being quite favourable and very powerful, I scudded over at a

salmon, which rose at a black fly above the spoon bait. In the evening we all left, not much discouraged, but resolving to visit the lake soon again, when the weather should be more favourable for piscatorial operations. This lake—San Andreas—is more exposed to high winds than lakes Merced or Pilarcitos, all of which are leased by our Sportsman's Club.

E. J. HOOPER.

GIULIA GRISI.

THE eminent Italian cantatrice and dancer, whose portrait appears on this page, from a painting executed when she was in the height of her fame, was born on the twenty-second of May, 1812. She was the daughter of an officer of engineers in the army of the first Napoleon, and niece of a celebrated singer of the last generation, Josephine Grassini. She was induced to seek the stage for a profession by the success achieved thereon by an elder sister, who died in early womanhood, although at that time her voice gave little promise of the perfection it afterwards attained.

Her first appearance was made at Bologna, in a contralto part, and she subsequently appeared in *Romeo and Juliet* at Florence, and afterwards at Milan. She made her successful début before a London audience in 1834 as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, and many of our readers remember her admirable personation of the Queen in *Semiramide*, and Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, for she was constantly before the public, and was prima donna of Her Majesty's Theatre till 1846, when she transferred her services to the Royal Italian

Opera, Covent Garden, where she took her final farewell of the stage in 1861.

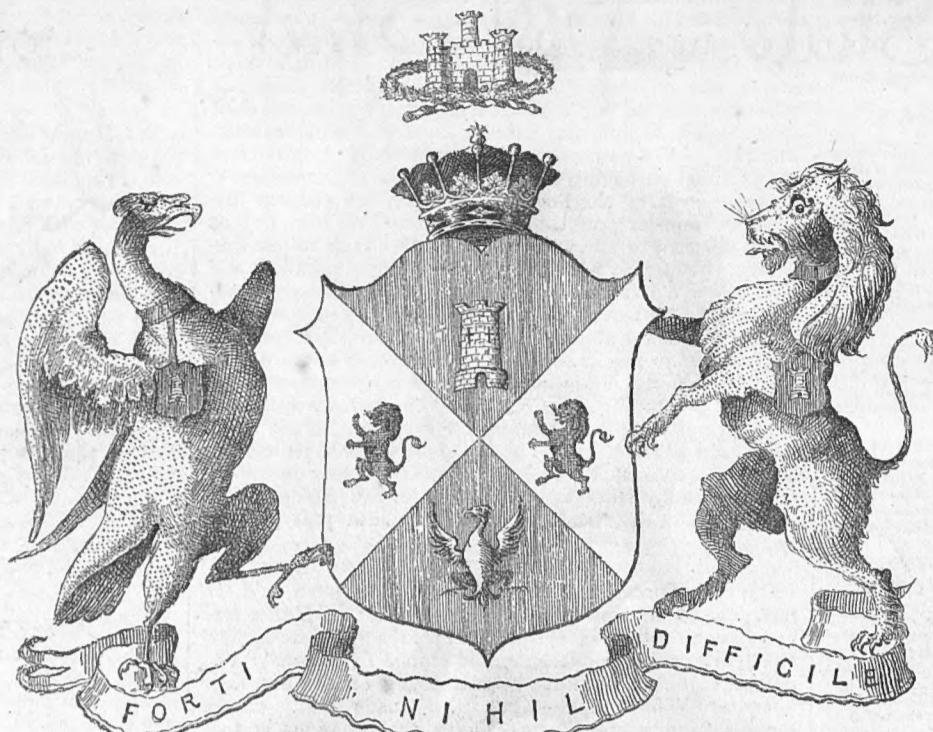
LORD BEACONSFIELD.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has now had his arms and supporters registered at the Herald's College. The motto which his lordship has chosen, "Forti nihil difficile" resembles the motto used by Lord Muskerry, "Forti et fidei nihil difficile." The armorial bearings granted to Lord Beaconsfield are as follows, in heraldic language:—"Per saltire, argent and gules, two lions rampant, sable, between a tower, argent, in chief, and an eagle displayed in base." The crest is "a tower, triple towered, argent, surrounded at base by an oak wreath proper." The supporters are as follows:—"Dexter, an eagle, or collared gules; on an escutcheon, gules, pendent therefrom, a tower, argent. Sinister, a lion or collared gules with a similar escutcheon pendent therefrom." It is to be observed that the supporters of his lordship's arms are the same as those chosen by Lady Beaconsfield, and recorded in "Lodge's Peerage," on her being created a Peeress in her own right in December, 1868, although the charges of the shield itself are quite different. Lady Beaconsfield's arms were, "Argent, a bunch of grapes proper between two flaunches, sable, each charged with a boar's head of the field."—*Daily News*, Sept. 30, 1876.

N.B.—Lady Beaconsfield's arms would be more correctly blazoned as follows:—"Argent, a slip of vine fructed and leaved proper between two flaunches sable, each charged with a boar's head erased of the field."

SIR TATTON AND LADY SYKES have entertained a large shooting party during the past week at Sledmere House.

A NOVEL rowing match, in five-oared gigs, took place on Saturday on the Thames between the members of the 2nd and 3rd Batteries of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Corps. The members assembled on board her Majesty's gunboat Rainbow, and the two gigs were towed up river by the Amazon steam launch. A capital start was effected at four o'clock from the Albert Suspension bridge. At Charing-cross Railway bridge No. 3, Lieutenant Stretell, though late in starting, drew up to the leading boat, which gamely maintained its position to the Rainbow, and won a clever race by three lengths. The members and their friends after the race adjourned to the Caledonian Hotel to dinner, and spent a pleasant evening under the presidency of Lieutenant Cooper. The time occupied in the race was only 19 min. 17 sec.



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S COAT OF ARMS.

great pace, my plunger riding the high waves like a duck, and by rowing with all my strength, especially as I neared the bank, I drove my boat nearly high and dry on the shelving landing. My fellow members of the Club greeted me with cheers, and considered the whole thing a pretty good achievement for a man of 74 years; and we had my fish cooked for supper, when, with a plentiful supply of beef-steaks, bottled beer, potatoes, and bread, and a dish of delicious strawberries and cream to wind up with, we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. We all spent a cheerful and chatty evening together, although the persistent gale shook the game house, and made it tremble rather badly. This storm lasted all night, and nearly the whole of next day, preventing all of us from fishing, except two adventurous and good anglers, who after breakfast pushed out from the shore amidst the breakers, and trolled for about three hours under the lee of the opposite mountains, but only took one small



MDLLE. GIULIA GRISI.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

THE MORAL OF THE CIRCUS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
SIR,—With regard to the question of the moral of the circus which now obtains amongst the owners of horses, may I venture to suggest that it ramifies into the condition of the morale of men, into its deteriorating effect upon horses, and into the real origin of cruelty. To begin with its last phase first: there is much mawkish sentimentality about cruelty now, and the story of the young lady who kept her girls at work all night to finish the jacket she was to wear next day at an early closing meeting, finds a parallel in the lady who severely reprimanded a carter for flogging his horse, and on her return home took a pin to her canary to make it walk upside down on its perch. Morbid sympathy with the dumb creation is the real parent of cruelty. 2. That the circus deprives the horse of its strong animal nature is indisputable, and any lad who has followed a circus will if he goes into a gentleman's stable endeavour to introduce the system into that stable, and a horse under his care when called upon, is unable to answer his owner's or rider's effort. 3. The irritation undergone by the animals to drive their nature into their system begets effeminacy in men. They have an animal without the irritation of a strong animal nature to attend to, and consequently their own muscular and nervous system is driven into their nature instead of being developed, and so their morale becomes of the lowest type. The declension of races has always been in proportion to the increase of the circus. It was so with Rome; Ovid, a poet of no strict morality, viewing the rapid fall of his terrible countrymen, writes (and I am inclined to agree with him).

"Tollatur circus; non tuta licentia circi."—Ovid.

X.Y.

STABLE FITTINGS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
SIR,—I saw in a house in South Lancashire an apparatus for heating out-door premises at comparatively little cost. A boiler is fixed at the back of the kitchen fire-place, so that the water is always warmed by its heat. There is a furnace under the boiler, so that in frost the water can be raised to boiling heat; pipes laid deep enough under ground to prevent the water freezing in winter, convey it to the stable, coach-house, or harness-room, and a branch goes to the gun-room. There are stop-cocks at intervals, so that the coachman can prevent the boiling water going into any, or all of the premises, at will, or he can let it in for a short time. In the summer the warm water always keeps the damp out. A pipe is also laid into some dismanted rooms, so that one boiler can warm in-door as well as out-door premises. The cost of fixing the entire apparatus was £300, and it was put up by a Lancashire tradesman.

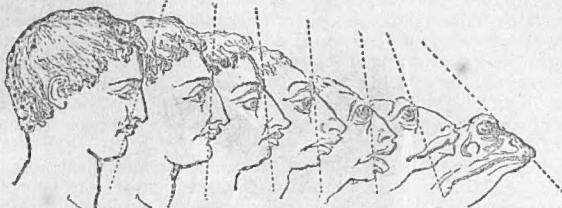
X.Y.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
SIR,—The owner of a prize donkey near Shrewsbury has invented a collar for it which is a great improvement on the common one. The collar and harness are in one piece, and the collar opens on a hinge at the bottom where the hames usually open, so that, instead of slipping it over the animal's head, it is put on its neck, as the hames generally are over the collar. The collar fastens on the neck with a broad strap; in the case of a harness-horse collar, two silver bars at either end of the collar crossing each other, and fastened by a silver pin, would give greater security. The collar answers perfectly in the case of the donkey. There can be no doubt the plan could be so improved upon, that collars would always be constructed upon it, and save the coachman much trouble.

A. B.

"MR. DARWIN WILL PLEASE COPY."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
SIR,—As fishing forms one of the sporting features in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, I enclose a sketch which I have drawn, showing how by a few lines sloping



from the perpendicular it can be seen that there are but few degrees between the profile of a fine head and the most loathsome of our aquatic animals.—I am, &c.,

WALTER SCOTT HERSEE.

Lewisham, 30th Sept.

MR. CHATTERTON, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, AND THE TIMES CRITIC.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Mr. Chatterton is not an astute man; if he were, he would have edited *Richard III.* before producing a revival of that tragedy at Drury-lane. Had he done so, he might have gracefully responded in person to the call of "author," after the modest manner of Mr. Tom Taylor. It is well known how that gentleman bowed his acknowledgments to such a cry when *Hamlet* was revived at the Crystal Palace, and—nobody wondered. If Mr. Chatterton, instead of availing himself of Colley Cibber's well-tried version of *Richard III.*, had used one of his own, the world of critics, outside as well as inside the Beefsteak Club, would in all likelihood have applauded his pluck to the echo, and complimented him on his erudition. The new version might have been worse than the old, but that would not have mattered. As it is, he suffers, unjustly I think, from having adhered too closely to the traditions of Drury-lane. He found Colley Cibber's version of *Richard III.* (originally produced at Drury-lane, and since then unremittingly at all kinds and conditions of theatres elsewhere) ready to his hand, and, Mr. Barry Sullivan consenting, he adopted it. Had he had occasion to revive *Katharine and Petruchio*, he would, doubtless, have given us Garrick's version, and—"on the same lines"—those of honourable stage-tradition, he would have been quite justified in presenting us Mr. Wood's abbreviation of *The Comedy of Errors*, which, one learns, was brought out at the Edinburgh Theatre in 1780, under the title of *The Twins; or, Which is Which*. At that time long pieces were becoming tiresome to playgoers, and Mr. Wood was simply one of a group of accommodating writers for the stage—the Boucicaults and Hallidays of the period—who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to meet the requirements of the hour. In his advertisement he remarks—"The frequent repetition of similar blunders, which are occasioned by the likeness between the Antiphiloses and Dromios, and are continued through five long acts, produces an intricacy that per-

plexes, and a sameness that tires, an audience. With a view to remedy these defects, the editor, a few years ago, reduced the comedy to three acts, and it was performed as an after-piece, with much approbation; but as his veneration for the author made him retain too many of the scenes, there still existed in the comedy, when altered, too much of the confusion and uniformity of the original. He has therefore ventured to make further alterations, and flatters himself the piece, as it now stands, will be considered not an unacceptable addition to the list of theatrical entertainments." It is interesting to note, in passing, that *Katharine and Petruchio* was produced at Drury Lane on the same night as *The Winter's Tale*, and in reference to the latter I find in the prologue these lines:—

"The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.
Lest, then, this precious liquor run to waste,
'tis now confined, and bottled to your taste."

But enough of retrospect. I am one of those who believe that, for stage purposes, the version of *Richard III.* which is now being played at Drury Lane, is in every dramatic essential adequate alike to the requirements of the average playgoer and the demands of the student of Shakespeare, who is pleased occasionally to withdraw from an examination of disputed readings of the text in order to witness a vital representation of the play. "The play's the thing" after all. Shakespeare was an actor and manager as well as a dramatist. He, I am inclined to think, would have been the first to excise and re-model his own work—for he had a keen eye to the main chance—if by so doing he could have made the assurance of good houses doubly sure. And, I am inclined to think, he would just as unhesitatingly have pared down other people's work. For my own part, I heartily absolve Mr. Chatterton from blame in the matter of Colley Cibber's version. He might, say with the aid of one of the clever young men of the Beefsteak Club, have "dodged up" a better acting version of *Richard III.*, but, on the other hand, he might have done infinitely worse. The question for the public to answer (and how comfortable it is to know that the crown of success is *not* in the keeping of the critics!) is, How has Mr. Chatterton done his work? As one of the public, I have no hesitation in saying, magnificently.

Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that the *Times*, or rather the successor to John Oxenford on that journal, is not ranked amongst Mr. Chatterton's friends. One might overlook the lack of acumen in this young gentleman's writing, if his half cynical, half hysterical abuse of popular idols were at all consistent with what may be termed the dramatic traditions of the journal he accidentally adorns. But it is not. It would almost seem as though he revelled in the chance—poor creature!—of showing how much more powerful is the bray of a reigning ass than the roar of a refined lion. He writes for his tiny world of cigarette smokers as Bottom, the weaver, would have written, if that ill-used actor had ever given his mind to journalism. Nobody looks for political consistency in the *Times*. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the chief charm of the leading journal is comprised in its sudden departures from one line of principles—as they are facetiously called—to another. But that sort of thing is so new in dramatic criticism, we have not had time to get used to it, and therefore must be pardoned if—to come at once to the point—we ask, having a perfect right to ask, who the successor to John Oxenford is, and what is the exceptional nature of his credentials, that he should be allowed to make observations in the *Times* in 1876 that are diametrically opposed to opinions expressed by his predecessor in 1868?

However, our critic is pleased to think that "there are some exceedingly good scenes painted by Mr. Beverley" in *Richard III.* How deeply indebted to his patron Mr. Beverley must be! Again: "The stage is sufficiently well furnished for all scenic purposes, and no more; the dresses are picturesque and clean, and it need not be said that full authority is given for their accuracy." Really! It is conceivable that he meant to be satirical when he referred to the cleanliness of the dresses; but whether or not, he must be congratulated on having added something to the local colour of *Times* dramatic criticism. Presuming that "full authority was given for the accuracy" of the dresses, what then? Is it not the duty of a *Times* critic of tailoring to show that the dresses are right in "cut," device, and colour, according to those authorities; to play the part of a Mantalini learnedly? Having in the most approved Beefsteak Club manner patronised Beverley, ignored Cormack, and generally sat upon poor Mr. Chatterton, the successor to John Oxenford proceeds to deal with Mr. Barry Sullivan. It is an admitted fact that this well-known tragedian has gathered glory as Richard all over the world. He has been identified with the part of the crook-backed tyrant during the best years of his professional career. Trained critics—not family accidents—have expressed their cordial admiration of his impersonation. There are even members of the new sect of Irvingites who have been heard to say that "Barry Sullivan's Richard was—haw, don't you know—a doosed good performance. Spirited, and all that sort of thing. Combat awfully good." The successor to John Oxenford is not an admirer of Mr. Sullivan. Or, he conceives he is not. At any rate, with splendid contempt for the opinion expressed by John Oxenford on February the 20th, 1868, as follows:—

"When we take into consideration this performance, it is scarcely too much to augur that he will soon be acknowledged as the leading legitimate actor of the British stage," he thus delivers himself: "Richard himself is represented by Mr. Barry Sullivan, an actor high in favour in America and on our own provincial stages, but less known, perhaps, in London. His idea of Richard has been drawn after the most conventional of models; he is pre-eminently the 'crook-backed tyrant' [and why not?], lame, hump-backed, and of the most malignant aspect. To this outward seeming Mr. Sullivan to the best of his abilities, conforms the inner man. There is nothing kingly about him, no evidence of birth [what is the successor to John Oxenford's idea of an evidence of birth?], no refinement even in his cruelty. He conveys the impression only of a man with a craze for human blood—a sort of half-witted monster, who is occasionally given to chuckling and jesting in a low, coarse manner at his physical and moral deformities. This is Mr. Sullivan's view of *Richard III.*, and this view he expounds with a strict observance and nice appreciation of what we must presume to be the traditions of a certain school of tragedy. He has certain tricks of voice which are curiously unlike the ordinary inflections of that organ [Really!] and which [sic] appear to be mostly independent of the meaning of the words spoken, while his command of gesture and action, though strict [sic], is not extensive."

In 1868, Mr. Oxenford speaks in terms of admiration of Barry Sullivan. In 1876, the successor to Mr. Oxenford damns Barry Sullivan, in the same part, in the same paper. Everybody knows that it is not the actor who is changed. And, I repeat, if this paper has changed its opinions, we have a right to inquire why. Two witnesses have been heard—John Oxenford and Mowbray Morris. On which of these is the more reliance to be placed? Playgoers, who know nothing of those petty coteries and cliques which nurture critics of the calibre of John Oxenford's successor will not be slow to answer the question.

I observe, in the *Times* of the 4th instant, that the critic has returned, like a dog to his vomit, to his hatred of Mr. Sullivan's Richard. In his opinion, the Duke of Glo'ster in Mr. Wills's play, *Jane Shore*, as played by Mr. Fernandez, "is unquestionably

good, such [sic] a very much better and truer Richard than the one we were introduced to lately—Shakspeare's Richard, not Cibber's or Mr. Sullivan's." Mr. Fernandez need not feel flattered by the compliment. To drag one actor in by the head and shoulders for the express purpose, as it seems to me, of depreciating another, is an exhibition of contemptible nastiness which is quite unworthy of the emprise of a critic who aspires to wield with credit the pen of as true a master of criticism as ever did honour to the *age* of the *Times*.—I am, &c., X.

MDLLE. OSTAVA TORRIANI.

WITH the deafening applause which on Tuesday evening last greeted Mdlle. Ostava Torriani's delightful impersonation of Senta almost ringing in our ears, we proceed to notice the principal events in her not lengthy, but altogether brilliant, professional career. Unlike many of the heroines of the lyric stage, she has no romantic story to tell. No enthusiastic impresario discovered her singing ballads in the streets of a European capital. And yet the history of her young life is full of interest of the quieter idyllic kind. It is pleasant to hear at the outset that—without being exactly a "nightingale" of the country which produced Jenny Lind and Nilsson—she has Swedish blood in her veins. The father of Ostava Tornquist (Torriani) is a Swede, her grandmother on the maternal side was a Pole. The family from which she springs is one of the first of the Hamburg aristocracy. Very early in life, when she was a mere child in fact, she manifested such a passion for music, and gave evidences withal of possessing such a beautiful voice that her relatives had no alternative but to allow her "her way." Rossini heard her, and, acting according to his advice, she went to Milan—armed with a letter of recommendation from him—where she studied with Lamperti, afterwards studying in Paris with Delle Sedie and Wachtel (the master of Nilsson and Trebelli). Mdlle. Torriani—for owing to family reasons she put aside her patronymic as soon as she took seriously to art—was nearly sixteen years old when she began work in right-down earnest, and was not eighteen when she made her début at Milan in the opera of *Rigoletto*. Since that period she has appeared with uniformly brilliant success in Milan, Turin, Padua, Genoa, Venice, Rome, Pau, Seville, Granada, Barcelona, Hamburg (where her reception, as might have been expected, was most enthusiastic), Prague, Paris, London, and in the principal cities and towns of the United States. It may be noted that Mdlle. Torriani created the part of *Aida* in America, which was given for forty-six nights; and she divided the operas during that season of ten months (under Max Strackosch) with Nilsson. It will be within the memory of the reader that Mdlle. Torriani sang in Italian opera with Mr. Mapleson both in London and the provinces; and that this is her second season in England with Carl Rosa. We are desired to say that she has by no means deserted Italian opera. To use her own simple phrase, she "tried English opera to see what the English people would think of her," and the result has far exceeded her most sanguine expectations. Mdlle. Torriani's list of operas is marvellously extensive, and includes *Rigoletto*, *Martha*, *Sonnambula*, *Faust*, *Profeta*, *Ebreo*, *Don Giovanni*, *Flauto Magico*, *Barbiere*, *Contessa D'Auralfi*, *Ugonotti*, *Nozze Di Figaro*, *Traviata*, *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Straniera*, *Zampa*, *Water Carrier*, *Siege of Rochelle*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Fidelio*, *Linda*, and *Lucia*. Mdlle. Torriani writes and speaks five languages with remarkable fluency; she is delighted with England, and the great kindness she has experienced at the hands of the English people. With regard to her most recent triumph, "Senta" in "The Flying Dutchman," it is only necessary to refer to our own critic, and to those of our leading contemporaries to show how complete that was. In a letter of hers, which is now before us, she says, "I did my best, but by singing the opera more and more I will surely always improve and try to make it one of my best parts." We are habitually reluctant in notices of this kind to, as it were, leave the stage for the drawing room, but we nevertheless cannot refrain from expressing the extreme pleasure it has afforded us to meet with an artist as unaffectedly natural and simple-minded as Mdlle. Torriani. Our portrait is from a photograph published by the Stereoscopic Company.

OARSMANSHIP IN AMERICA.

AN American contemporary, *Field and Farm*, says:—The old American swinging stroke in its mongrel modifications gave way to the orthodox English long-drawn and slower-motioned method. Yale was an exponent, and with the current it was all powerful. The wise and authoritative upon such matters told us that men must tire under quick action, "pump out" is, we believe, the technical term—more graphic than elegant—and that they could not "stay" (another anachronism) under a pressure of forty revolutions to the minute. Perhaps this is true. We pretend to no profound theories upon the subject, but the results of the recent regatta at Saratoga are very suggestive.

In the pair-oared race, a hitherto unknown crew, rowing confessedly without pretensions to form, made the fastest time on record, pulling a rattling quick stroke, "going 40," as the vernacular of the fraternity expresses it, and coming in not nearly so much done up as their opponents, more highly cultured in the rowing art, appeared to be. When the grand single scull match ensued, the victor, swinging to his work at a rate varying between 36 and 40 was not distressed, though the accurate form and regulated 32 done two of his opponents *brown*, very brown. "Done brown" is another elegant bit of "Idiomatic English" which our readers will pardon.

Two Western crews, "who didn't know how to row," made the finest race and the fastest time which has ever occurred in American waters. The winning crew was composed of men who were giants in power, splendid in physique, and exceedingly well developed. They rowed a stroke of 40 all the way through, but the cognoscenti tell us it was not orthodox. The real phenomena was portrayed in the peculiarities of the second crew, much younger men, small in stature, if we except the stroke—and he was slender—and light weights. Their method, they say, is natural. We concede that it was. But, as if to more completely settle the egg, they rattled off with 44 strokes to the minute, kept it up, or at least never fell below 42, and on the beginning of the last half mile increased to 46 and held it so to the finish.

What has become of the theory? To make the question still more paradoxical, the crew were not in the least over fatigued, but without needing any attention, any rubbing down or specifics against after results, they coolly proceeded to unrig their shell and pack away its paraphernalia preparatory for homeward transportation. Nor does the seeming anomaly stop at this point. In defiance of all preconceived ideas about training diet, etc., these men smoke, drink lager, moderately it is true, and eat as their appetites and sense direct.

THE programme for the Polo and Military Fête at Brighton is fixed for the 9th inst., and is of an unusually attractive character. In addition to polo, the novel game of "Red, White, and Blue" will be played on mounted chargers, and the "Grand Annular Combination" will also be attempted. Several officers of the 20th Hussars and other cavalry officers from various regiments will take part in the sports, and the full band of the 20th Hussars is engaged.



THE TENT SCENE FROM "RICHARD THE THIRD," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

STRAND THEATRE.—"PRINCESS TOTO."

WHEN so skilful a writer as Mr. Gilbert, and so genial a composer as Mr. Frederick Clay, combine their energies in the production of a three-act comic opera, the public must feel interested; and the Strand Theatre was filled to overflowing on Monday last, when *Princess Toto*, the joint work of these two gentlemen, was produced. It is described as a "comic opera," and the choice of this designation must be regarded as a testimony to the fact that no writer of any literary standing, and no composer occupying a creditable position, will now be willingly identified with "opéra-bouffe;" which, in spite of its adventitious allurements, is waning rapidly away, and is at this moment conspicuous by its absence from the metropolis. The incidents of its story might have justified the application of the title "opéra-bouffe" to *Princess Toto*, but since it is not a burlesque of any existing work, it may claim the title of "comic opera." Between the two classes of compositions there is a distinctive line, which is easier understood than expressed. *Princess Toto* is not less an opéra-bouffe than is Offenbach's *Génie de Brabant*; not less a comic opera than is Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*. Let us give to the new work the merciful "benefit of the doubt," and accept it as a "comic opera." It has the advantage of an amusing plot. The Princess Toto is one of those young ladies who, with the very best intentions, are a source of perpetual annoyance to their families, on account of their lack of memory and their tendency to act "on the spur of the moment." Her father, King Portico, a very particular monarch, who has been frequently involved in diplomatic difficulties through her thoughtless conduct, determines to get her married as soon as possible. The Princess was betrothed in infancy to a certain Prince Doro; but, as he is supposed to be dead, her choice falls upon Prince Caramel, an excellent young man, of a singularly gentle and humane disposition. Prince Doro, however, having escaped from savages, among whom he had spent ten years of his life—arrives to claim his bride, and it is thought polite to consent to their being married immediately. Prince Caramel, on his arrival, is much distressed to find that his promised bride is the wife of another, and resolves to entice her from Prince Doro, if possible, before the end of the ceremony. To effect this, he disguises himself and his court as famous brigands, whose romantic exploits have already had a remarkable effect on the Princess's impulsive mind, and, by his picturesque description of the advantages of a brigand's life, he fascinates her so completely, that she at once agrees to his proposal that she shall become their queen; accordingly, they depart together to the brigands' haunt, where they are formally married by a wandering friar. In the meantime, Prince Doro, broken-hearted at the unaccountable disappearance of his bride, has determined to forswear respectable society; and in pursuance of this ill-advised scheme, he seeks out the brigands' haunt, and offers himself as a recruit. The Princess (who rather thinks she has seen his face before) at once admits him into her band. Upon this, Doro, who has, of course, recognised her, declares himself, and reproaches her for her faithlessness. Toto, overwhelmed with sorrow at the distress she has caused him, promises never to forget so important a circumstance as her marriage, again, and she is pardoned. However, her promises are not to be trusted, for, when the chief of a wandering tribe of Indians presents himself before her, she is so fascinated by the novelty of his appearance, that she at once offers to cast her lot in with his, and they set off together for an isle in the Pacific, where the tribe is stationed. The wily playgoer will probably have guessed that these Indians are no other than her father and his court, who, trading on her taste for novelty, have adopted this disguise to lure her away from the equivocal society of the brigands. They carry her off to the island, but Doro and Caramel obtain a clue to their destination, and follow in pursuit. After a series of adventures—which must be seen if they are to be believed—Caramel resigns his claim to the hand of the Princess, who is once more united to the lover to whom she was betrothed.

In the elaboration of the story, Mr. Gilbert has displayed to great advantage his remarkable faculty of treating old ideas in a perfectly new manner. Forgetful persons existed before *Princess Toto*, but the bewilderments arising from shortness of memory have never before been so humorously depicted. Brigand life has always been invested with romantic fascination, but its ludicrous side has never before been so satirically portrayed. Not only are the incidents laughter-provoking, but the dialogue is full of unexpected sillies of wit and humour, which provoke irrepressible laughter. If *Princess Toto* were played without the aid of music, it could not fail to gratify those who can appreciate the merits of a ludicrous plot, brightened by witty, eccentric, and original treatment.

Mr. Clay's music is not equal in merit to the libretto to which it is attached. He is favourably known as the composer of graceful songs which have obtained well-merited popularity, but is hardly equal to the task of writing an opera. His prelude, and his intermezzi show that he possesses a vein of melody, but his themes are weak, and his orchestration is almost always commonplace and conventional. His concerted music shows want of constructive power; and when he has to write for three or more voices, he generally makes them sing in unison. The duets, "Oh, tell me now," and "My own, own love," are meritorious; and the Indian chorus, "Bang the merry tom-tom," is characteristically treated; but the tenor song, "Oh, bride of mine," and the soprano barcarole, "When you're afloat," are the most likely to win favour. It must be said, in behalf of Mr. Clay, that he shows sympathy for singers. His vocal music is always so written, that the singers may, without difficulty, articulate the words they have to sing; and although his music cannot claim high rank, it ripples pleasantly along, and forms an agreeable accompaniment to Mr. Gilbert's amusing if somewhat boisterous pleasantry.

Miss Kate Santley has never before been seen to so much advantage as in her impersonation of the Princess Toto; and she not only sang well, but displayed histrionic ability in her representation of the wilful and forgetful Princess. Mr. Harry Cox was an admirable potente, and his ludicrous impersonation of King Portico elicited roars of laughter. Mr. Marius obtained hearty and well-deserved applause, as Prince Doro; and Mr. J. G. Taylor, as Prince Caramel, at once established himself in the favor of the audience. The minor parts of Zapeter (King Portico's prime minister), and Jamilek (his chamberlain), were excellently played by Mr. Penley and Mr. Otley. Miss Lottie Venne delighted every one by her excellent singing and graceful acting as Jelly, Princess Toto's maid, and Miss La Feuillade was a charming Page. The new scenery, by Mr. H. P. Hall, was a triumph of scene painting; the costumes, by M. and Mme. Alias, were rich and tasteful, and Mr. W. H. Vernon deserves special praise for the excellent manner in which the piece was put upon the stage. The opera, which was preceded by a new farce, entitled, "Reading for the Bar," and Charles Mathew's comedietta "The Dowager" (with an attractive young dowager in Miss Ada Swanborough), was received with hearty applause, and is likely to prove a permanent attraction.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

SIX years back, the *Fliegende Holländer* of Richard Wagner was performed at Drury Lane, during Mr. George Wood's ill-starred Italian Opera season, under the title of *L'Oländse Danato*, and met with little success. On Tuesday last, the same work, in an English dress, and under the title of *The Flying Dutchman*, was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, by Mr. Carl Rosa, in so artistic and complete a manner, and with so enthusiastic a reception, that it seems probable it will prove one of the greatest attractions of the present operatic season at the Lyceum. On this occasion, we can do little more than chronicle the success of the performance, and must reserve a detailed analysis until after another hearing. We cannot, however, delay our congratulations to Mr. Carl Rosa on the admirable quality of the performance. Wagner himself could hardly have desired a more refined and conscientious interpretation of his work. Not only the great leading points, but the smallest shades of expression, were conscientiously treated, and the opera was performed with so much precision and smoothness that it was difficult to realise the fact that this was a first performance of Wagner's intricate work in an English dress. The trying choruses were admirably sung, especially the "Spinn-lied" and the "Sailors' Chorus," and the orchestra played magnificently in the overture and in the instrumental accompaniments. Mr. Santley, Mr. Packard, and Mdlle. Torriani, as Vanderdecken, Eric, and Senta, were seen and heard to the greatest advantage, and Mr. Turner (the steersman), Mr. Stevens (Daland), and Miss Lucy Franklin (Mary), were all that could be desired. The new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven (of which sketches, made specially for this Journal, will appear next week) deserves the highest praise; and the arrangement of the complicated stage business is highly creditable to the qualities of Mr. Arthur Howell, the stage manager. The English libretto is unfortunately disfigured by faulty rhymes, and is, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," so far as its English is concerned; but as the incidents of the original story are preserved, the opera suffers less from the inferior quality of the "English" (?) adaptation than might have been expected. The house was crowded, the applause enthusiastic; and there can be little doubt that *The Flying Dutchman*, with such singers as Mdlle. Torriani, Mr. Packard, and Mr. Santley, and so masterly a conductor as Mr. Carl Rosa, will repay the large outlay of time and money expended on its production, by attracting crowds of music-lovers. It must be borne in mind that this opera has scarcely anything in common with those later works of Wagner which exemplify his ideas of "The Music of the Future," and is a specimen of his earlier style, before he sought distinction by means of eccentric innovations.

The balance-sheet of the late Hereford Musical Festival shows an unprecedented result, a profit of £402 arising upon the sale of tickets, instead of, as in 1873, a loss of £500. The stewards not having to make good any deficiency, it is hoped that their guarantee subscription of £5 each will be presented to the charity, in which case the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen belonging to the three dioceses will benefit by the large sum of £1,700.

Tamberlîk has been re-engaged at Madrid, where the theatrical season is to commence on the 10th proximo. The announcement is made that four pieces, new to the Spanish capital, are to be represented there during the winter—namely, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Mignon*, and *Hamlet*.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of Mdlle. Pelletan, to whom we owe the splendid critical edition—unfortunately not completed—of Gluck's French operas. To carry out the grand and difficult task she had undertaken, Mdlle. Pelletan obtained, as our readers will remember, the assistance of Berthold Damcke, an eminent musician, as well as a man of rare taste and vast erudition. Eighteen months since she lost this valuable colleague, but, being herself an excellent musician, trained by Dameke in the arduous art of criticism, and profiting by the numerous notes left by the deceased on Gluck's productions as a whole, she courageously resolved to continue alone the work they had begun together. After the two vols. of *Iphigénie*, published during Damcke's life, she was about to produce the third volume, containing *Alceste*, when death unexpectedly carried her off, at the age of forty-six. She was one whose heart was as noble as her intellect was remarkable. *Alceste* will appear, but who will finish the whole series, undertaken with such devotion and disinterestedness? Who will add *Orphée* and *Armide* to the three other scores? We cannot say whether Mdlle. Pelletan has confided to any one else the task of completing an enterprise to which she consecrated her life, and on which she expended her fortune. It is much to be hoped she has, for a monument like that which she so efficaciously assisted partly to raise, cannot be allowed to remain in an unfinished state.—*Le Ménestrel*.

The latest list during the recent National Festival Stage-Play Performances, issued by the Bayreuth police, of robberies committed from the person, enumerates the following trifles:—1, a satchel, with 600 marks; 2, a red Russian leather purse, with three return tickets from Bayreuth to Munich, a double crown-piece, and several five-mark notes; 3, a red Russian leather pocket-book, with two 100 florin notes, a 100 marks note, and six tickets of admission to the Wagner Theatre; 4, a pocket-book, with three notes of 100 marks each, two notes for 20 marks each, and one note for five marks; 5, a portemonnaie, with three crowns, three one-mark pieces, and 94 marks in small change; 6, a portemonnaie, with between 600fr. and 700fr., in gold; 7, a note-book, containing a receipt for 300fr., the portrait of a lady, and the photograph of a dog. Whether these Nibelungen treasures will ever be recovered is a matter of grave doubt. Commenting upon the subject, the *Wiener Fremdenblatt* sarcastically remarks:—"Many owners of the missing property declare they would much rather have lost the 'Nibelungen Ring' itself."—*Musical World*.

On Aug. 4, a surprise was offered the artists of the Bayreuth National Festival-Stage-Play Company, in the shape of a large marble tablet, imitating a playbill. On it is engraved in gold letters: "Der Ring des Nibelungen." First performance, 1876. Preliminary evening: "Das Rheingold." Personages (here follows the cast). First day, "Walküre." Personages . . . Second day, "Siegfried." Personages . . . Third day, "Götterdämmerung." Personages . . . Orchestral director: Hans Richter. Stage director: Karl Brandt. Scenery: Josef Hofmann and the Brothers Brückner. Costumes: Emil Döpler. Choreography: Richard Fricke. Presented by the architects, Karl Wölffel, Konrad Weiss, Hans Weiss, Chr. Vogel, and P. Schäferlein. This stone playbill has since been set up in front of the theatre. As the gold letters on black marble, with an edging of white marble, have a marked resemblance to a mortuary slab, some of the artists have been irreverent enough to style this gift of the architects a tombstone.

We are glad to learn from the German Musical papers that Dr. Hans von Bülow has completely recovered his health.

It is said that the late Georges Sand has left among her posthumous works an opera libretto entitled *La More au Diable*, and that Mdlle. Pauline Viardot-Garcia will set it to music.

The Gloucester Journal announces that the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester Cathedral will not follow the example of the Worcester Chapter in refusing the use of the cathedral for the Three

Choirs Festival, but will grant it on the same conditions as in previous years.

Mdlle. Essipoff, the Russian pianist, who was so successful in London last winter, is on her way to America.

Mdlle. Martha Erickson, the new "Swedish Nightingale," has been engaged to sing in London during the coming season in the Italian Opera.

Mr. Ignace Gibbsone, the well-known and talented composer and pianist, has just completed his cantata, "The Wood Nymphs," the words of which were written by Mr. John Oxenford.

"Alice Brand," a newly published cantata for voices and instruments, by Mr. Henry Gadsby, is announced for performance by the Tenbury Musical Society.

A concert was given at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday afternoon, by upwards of 3,000 members of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. The choir consisted largely of juvenile female voices, but was also fully supported by adult male singers.

At the Alexander Palace on Thursday, Auber's opera, *Fra Diavolo*, was given by the artistes of the Carl Rosa Company.

BY-THE-BYE,

that old controversy as to the merits of Colley Cibber's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third*, re-awakened by Mr. Chatterton's latest splendid revival of the same, on the boards Cibber so long adorned, reminds me that I have a capital portrait of that old-world actor, dramatist, and manager. It forms the frontispiece to a copy of his famous "Apology"—the fourth edition—and is now, I am told by those who should "know," very rare and valuable. Therefore have I placed it in the engraver's hands, to reproduce in facsimile for this week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

By-the-bye, with reference to that controversy now of nearly two hundred years standing, it appears to be very generally admitted that Shakespeare's plays do require adapting for the stage, and it certainly is a fact that, from the time when King Charles II. enjoyed "his own" again, they have been so adapted. The gentlemen "who, impartially and conscientiously, sit in dismal judgment" upon modern managers have duly awarded Mr. Chatterton his modicum of praise or blame, or praise and blame; but, after all has been said, it is from the public only that he will receive sentence, and what that sentence will be it is now not difficult to foresee. By-the-bye, it appears to be overlooked by those who have denounced adaptations generally, and I must confess that I am myself no lover of such things, that Shakespeare himself was a great adapter of old plays.

The progress the drama had made since his boyhood must have seemed very wonderful to old Colley Cibber, for he remembered, and had conversed with, an old man named Kynaston, who was a famous player of women's parts before a woman had been seen upon the stage. Mr. C. Dibben speaks of Edward Kynaston as having "a piercing eye, and in characters of heroic life a quick, imperious vivacity in his tone of voice when playing such tyrants as Muley Moloch in *Don Sebastian*, with a fierce lion-like majesty of port and utterance curiously different from his aspect in such parts as that of the gentle Desdemona, in which, it is said, he far exceeded all the woman actors who succeeded him. Do you remember what chatty old Pepys said of this Kynaston? I take down his famous "Diary," and I read, under the date 7th January, 1661:

"Among other things, Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and, lastly, as a man; and then, likewise, did appear the handsomest man in the house."

Kynaston played in the *Silent Woman* on that occasion. Cibber says of him:—"He was so beautiful a youth that ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play. Of this truth I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his own mouth in his advanced age. And, indeed, to the last of him, his handsomeness was very little abated; even at past sixty, his teeth were all sound, white, and even, as one would wish to see in a reigning toast of twenty." Kynaston was then a well-to-do old man, and near his death; he was buried in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. His son was a mercer in Covent Garden, and his grandson was a reverend gentleman, of whom Tom Davies wrote, in his "Dramatic Miscellany":—"This gentleman thought it no honour to be the descendant of a player, and would not communicate any anecdotes of his ancestor." Nevertheless, some anecdotes concerning the famous player of women's parts have come down to us. We know, for instance, how brutally he was assaulted by three or four ruffians hired by Sir Charles Sedley, the poet, wit, and libertine, to whom he had given offence by dressing after the haughty baronet, and we know how grandly and majestically he represented Henry IV. He was on the stage from 1659 to 1669, and knew, probably, in his early days many of the old actors who had played with Shakespeare.

Talking of Shakespeare, by-the-bye, did you ever meet with the following letter? said to have been written by that greatest of our dramatic poets. I find it in *The Weekly Entertainer*, of 1819, where it is given as an extract from "a Manuscript Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse," said to be written by Shakespeare to his wife and others:

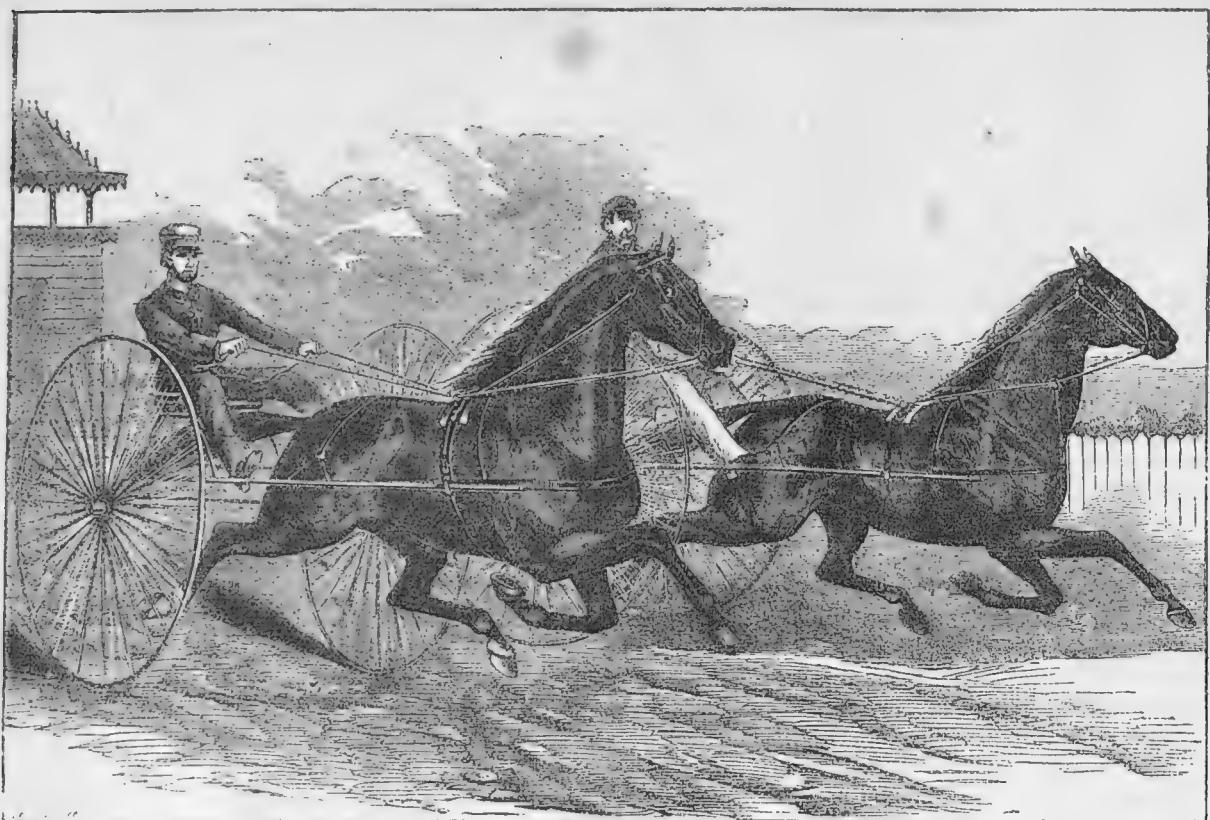
"To Mistress Judith Hathawaye, with mie Hartie Commenda- tions.

"Good COZEN JUDITH,

"I am out of necessite to enact the part of secretarie to my wife, or she would have payd her owne dett; for on trying to save a little robin from the tiger jaws of puss, her foot slipped, and her right wriste therbie put out of joynte, which hath been so payfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her delicit frame verie weake and faeble, wherefore I have taken her a countre logging in a house adjoining the paddock of Sir Waulter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of his new plant called tibaccia, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrow for his thought, which I hear helpeith it muche, and may be said for a trueth to enable him to drawe light from smoke. In an evnyng he sumtymes condesends to fumigate my rurale arboure with it, and betwene everie blast makes newe discoveries, and contrives newe settlemens in mie lytle globe. Mie Romeo and Juliett, partie a chield of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondling of it, is now oute of leding strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your faire hand. I think mie nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah at Charlecot; I owe she was mie moddel; and in mie apoticky you will discover ould Gasbrell, neire the churche at Stratford; but to make amends for borrowing him for mie scene, I have got him sevrall preserved serpents, stuffed byrds, and other rare foreign productions from the late circum- navigators.

"Thankes for the brawne, which young Ben, who supped last nighte with us, commended hugelie, his stomach proving he did not flater, and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

"You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie tree this



FAMOUS AMERICAN TROTTING HORSES—"GOVERNORS PRAGUE" AND "BLACKWOOD, JUN."

scorching wether, the which you maye remembre that I planted when last with you, rather too late, after the cuckow had sung on Anna's birth daie, and I hope you may live to gether berries from it, but not continewed unwedded till then. Have you got my littel sonnet on planting it? for if you have not, it is lost like a thousand other scraps of mie pen.

"And soe poor Burton, my ould schoolmaster is gone to that bourne from which no traviller returns; I fancy I still see him, when every Munday morning as was constantlie his custome, he gave a new point to his sprygges of byrch growen blunted in the service of the forgone week; a practice felt threw the whole schoole from top to bottome. . . . You maie soon look to hear from your crippled kinswoman, whose limm is muche restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poultise, soe fare thee well, and lett us live in your remembrance, as you assuridlie doe in that of your sincere and loving cosen,

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.

From my Lodging at Iselinton, June, 12mo, 155. . . . I don't know what "155 . . ." may happen to mean, but I do know that William Shakspeare's day of baptism was 26th April, 1564.

Talking of Shakspeare—by-the-bye—a contemporary, in the face of all the recent Shakspearian revivals and their popularity,

tells us that "Boucicault suits us on the stage better than Shakspeare or Sheridan, although the latter will always hold his own." And again, by-the-bye, talking of this contemporary, reminds me that in its last week's issue—which I accidentally saw—appeared the following—

"What an afternoon for the critics. Four first nights," which is curious, as is also this paragraph—"Mr. Sothern, it is said, will stay in America for two years longer," when turning from it you read an advertisement on another page, announcing Mr. Sothern's return to London in the present month.

And so another has been added to the various plays which deal with that famous historical character, Jane Shore. I have not yet seen it, but am anxious to do so, for I am told that Miss Heath's conception of the character Mr. Wills has realised, is a very powerful one. By-the-bye, what a large number of famous actresses have added to their laurels as Jane Shores. Nicholas Rowe himself instructed Mrs. Oldfield to play the part, and she was highly successful in it. Mrs. Pritchard played Jane Shore to Garrick's Hastings, and was also successful. Beautiful Peg Woffington made a great hit in the part; Mrs. Canning, when the future Prime Minister of England, her son George, was about three years old, made her début in it with Garrick and the actor who was afterwards her husband—Samuel Reddish, whose portrait and biography has already appeared in these pages. The great Mrs.



THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RIFLE TROPHY.

Siddons moved all hearts as Jane Shore. She played that part for the first time in November, 1788, at Drury Lane. By-the-bye you may care to see a small old engraving representing Mrs. Siddons as Jane Shore, and the subject being what is termed topical, I think I may here put aside the pen in favour of the pencil, and present you with a copy of the same.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.



COLLEY CIBBER.
(Fac simile of an Old and Rare Print.)



MRS. SIDDONS AS "JANE SHORE."
(From an Old Engraving.)

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



A Melodrama!

A good old-fashioned melodrama, sir; a dramatic fossil, in fact, is now being exhumed at the Olympic Theatre for the diversion of literary palaeontologists. Lusty blows given and taken in the good old stage-combat style. One, two, three, four—sixes! upper cut, under cut, thrust, and parry, all in the "Brayvo, 'Ecks!" fashion, the interest breathlessly enhanced by the hero carrying a baby, fast asleep, apparently from the effects of a liberal dose of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—"a real blessing to mothers," as the advertisement has it—through the thick of the fight. Gipsies engaged in the Zingaric occupation of dancing—

"Each with his smiling lass,
Upon the greeny grass,
Fal la la, &c.,"

tricked out daintily in silken sheen and golden broidery, over the glitter of which dirt and damp are apparently powerless. A ladye,



The Mourning House

in black velvet, who, after the fashion of widowed dames of high degree, worships the manes of her deceased consort, and resorts to his beloved portrait for advice and comfort in emergency. A "Deus ex machina," who reminds us, in his sudden changes of costume, of Mr. John Morris, the American Proteus, and who vibrates between a gallant cavalier and a "little crooked thing

that asks questions" in the most bewildering manner. A washed-out damsel who, under the appropriate name of "Blanche," is white in face, white in dress, white—no; I beg pardon, *Blonde* in hair and bland in speech. A pretty Zingara who irresistibly suggests to my dazed vision a series of Opéra Bouffes in which I seem to have seen her or her twin sister, and whom I always expect to do a song and dance as a Nigger Break-down, but who has the most bewitching eyes and the jimphest waist that ever set a "Captious Critic's" snarling at defiance. An H-less Irishman "from the principal American theatres," pages of doubtful gender with "chignons" of most anti-masculine appearance, nobles, guards, muleteers, gypsies, &c., make up the "olla podrida" presented to an unoffending public under the title *The Duke's Device*, née *Duke's Motto*, the new name being, I shrewdly suspect, but a "device" of the management to save author's fees. Truly these resurrections are becoming tedious; one can stand *Richard the Third*, because of its "lesson that history teaches;" one can endure *Henry the Fifth*, as an exaggerated peep-show and glittering gala, but when one is asked to stomach the vagaries of Lagardère, the brogue of Kerry—we mean Carrigui—the sweet inanity of Blanche, and the archness! of Pepita, the gorge rises, and one is compelled to cry with Macbeth, "Hold, forbear!"

The question naturally arises—"Have we no writers? Are we driven to this dreary unearthing of buried turgidities, these things 'of sound and fury signifying nothing?'" Why does not some London manager cast his eyes on some such play as *Les Danicheff*, and give it to us Englished. We will back the simple devotion of Ossip against the noisy bluster of Lagardère,

meanour, "the observed of all observers." Does London still claim him as her own, or have relentless fate and submerged orchestras driven him to "fresh fields and pastures new?" One by one the familiar faces disappear, ruthlessly consigned, by managerial greed of stalls, to the "deep profound" or "mystic gulf" under the stage, where a fiddle more or less won't be missed, and the salary of the fiddler may be saved to the treasury. Ere long a barrel organ will suffice for all the musical needs of a first-class Temple of the Drama, and, instead of "Drums, Alarms,



Mr Henry Neville as
Pictorius Harry —

even though the latter have the play-word, or Shibboleth, "I'm Here," to catch the vulgar ear. I must own that Mr. Neville is as good as he can be in such a part, which, in any other hands I wot of, would be simply intolerable. Miss Carlisle looks "sweetly innocent" as the persecuted Blanche de Nevers; Miss Camille Dubois ravishingly handsome as Pepita. Miss Amy Crawford is befittingly lugubrious as the party in black velvet who adores her defunct spouse's picture. Mr. Frank Archer is a "splendid villain," as the Prince de Gonzague; and Mr. Flockton a very Irvingish Philippe d'Orleans. The *mise-en-scène* is all that could be wished for; the "hard knocks" are bravely given and sturdily taken. The costumes are "of the period." The actors are, for the most part, "fine bould spakers," who roll out the rant given to them in good "ore rotundo" fashion. The subterranean orchestra grunts, grumbles, and squeaks after the manner of underground music in general, and maintains a lordly discrepancy in time with the singer of the Gipsy lay; which singer, on her part, retaliates by a sublime contempt for tune. The scenery is irreproachable, the stage management perfect, all too good to be wasted on such a poor play; and, in fine, all is done by Mr. Neville that can be done to achieve success, save the one thing of choosing a better piece than *Le Bassu*, alias *The Duke's Motto*, alias *The Duke's Device*, even though hallowed by the names of Lemaitre and Fechter. By the way, since the orchestra has been relegated to the shades below, I miss the Shakespearean torso of the graceful Mallardane, erst musical director of the Olympic Theatre, whither he has taken that classic brow, that Elizabethan beard, and that commanding de-

and Martial Music," Glo'ster will rush on to the tented field to the grind of "Tommy make room for your uncle." "To this complexion we must come at last," if the present rage for burying musicians alive continues to possess the minds of managers. On Monday, the 16th, the reign of "Folly" will commence at the late Charing Cross Theatre, with Miss Lydia Thompson as the *Folie Bergère* Selim, in a new and revised edition of *Bluebeard*; further, at this present, the deponent sayeth not—but will wait his time, even as Grimalkin waits for the innocent mouse, and possess his soul in patience.



"The Orchestra has been placed beneath the Stage — Inere used band under the direction of Mr Saffron Hill"

DURING the Thames trout season that has just closed, our metropolitan river, according to the returns of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, has yielded exactly fifty-five fish; not a very formidable total, perhaps, when we consider the number of rods that have been at work—some almost incessantly—since the 1st of April, within a quarter of a mile of every spot where a trout has been seen to feed. Further, when we reflect that some lucky anglers have secured their three, four, or even five brace apiece out of this number, it does not require any great stretch of imagination to portray to ourselves the legion of disconsolate ones who, day after day, week after week, must have toiled all day, and returned home with empty creels.

TURFIANA.

THE "revised code" of racing law, now in the hands of all those whom it may concern, takes so wide a scope, and has interwoven ancient ordinances with recent emendations to such a degree, that it requires much care and application to comprehend the new scheme in its entirety. We may look for many minor alterations after it has passed the ordeal of criticism among the *pères conscripti* of the turf; but we take it that the greater part of the code will be retained, and it bears upon the face of it marks of much care and attention on the part of those to whom the task of reconstruction has been confided. If report speaks truly, more than one "master-mind" has been summoned to aid in their deliberations, and while much that is new has been imported into the plan, all the old materials worth using have been carefully worked into the structure, and there has been no waste of anything which could be turned to account. Any discussion would be useless until after the deliberations of the Jockey Club have assumed some definite shape, and it is to be hoped that they will apply themselves in earnest to the task, so as to have matters cut and dried ready for the commencement of the 1877 campaign.

We are glad that the Lonsdale colours are not to die out with their late owner, and Captain Machell has got together a few of the "old sort," just to make a beginning. Altogether, they were not a very gaudy lot, and that gigantic failure, King Puffin, after costing the stable over a thousand guineas in purchase-money, and making them responsible for no end of forfeits, only realised a cab-horse's price at the hammer. "Twas ever thus," as a general rule, with high-priced yearlings, though a Hermit or a Doncaster nugget does turn up now and then, and it is a mournful fact that, up to the present time, only one of the fifteen which realised a thousand and upwards in their yearling days of 1875, has succeeded in making any return for the outlay of spirited and sanguine purchasers. The solitary exception is that very uncertain gentleman, Orleans, who is only just one cut above a plater, and yet the average price of the fifteen was a trifle over sixteen hundred guineas! We hope some of these may turn over a new leaf with the new year, if they do not hasten to redeem their early promise during the last two months of the old one.

Reverting to the revised code of racing, there is one point in it deserving especial notice, namely, that which relates to assumed names. The practice of running horses under such undesirable conditions can never, we fear, be wholly abolished; but it is only fair that persons anxious to conceal their connection with the turf should pay through the nose for their ostrich-like propensity. The law against a multiplicity of these unsatisfactory disguises is also a most salutary one, and will interfere with the little games of those who manage to mystify handicappers and the public by frequent changes of assumed names. There may be some cases when concealment is expedient and excusable, and certain very high examples may be cited in support of the practice; but in nine cases out of ten it happens that the mask is assumed for the sake of concealment of identity in case of exposure, and thus any measure calculated to abate so intolerable a nuisance is to be hailed as a step in the right direction. "Sham captions" and pettifogging owners of one leg of a duffer on the Home Circuit will think twice before handing Messrs. Weatherby an annual cheque for £50, and will be deprived of the luxury of registering a new name and colour every spring.

The re-appearance of the Beaufort hoops on the turf has been announced and contradicted with a great show of authority on both sides; the simple facts being, we believe, an intention on the part of the Duke to train his yearlings instead of selling them to another supporter of Danebury. Those, therefore, who anticipate a revival of the glories of the Hastings era, with all its sensational accompaniments of high prices and heavy betting, are likely to be disappointed, as sadder and wiser men do not care to retrace their "footprints in the sands of time," and it is devoutly to be hoped that these feverish days have passed away for ever. Those who make up their minds to return to former fields of fame generally do so in a less fiery spirit than of old, and from over-confidence are prone to relapse into excessive caution. In the meantime, we are glad to hear that John Day is getting together some useful youngsters for next year's campaign, and that the white jacket of the Master of the Buckhounds is about to shine on our racecourses with a more steady and less intermittent light.

Newmarket, if it presented no feature of surpassing interest, at any rate did something towards solving the riddle of two-year-old form, and amid contradictions and reversals of public form, it is clear that Lady Golightly is entitled to the headship of her year, and that both Bruce and Verneuil are working themselves up into the very front rank. Chevron is altogether too uncertain a horse to trust unless he has things all his own way; and we shall be surprised if Rob Roy manages to retain his commanding position beyond the close of this year, even should he come marching home in front of his Criterion field. The two handicaps of the First October Meeting dwindled down to very insignificant proportions, and somehow the Newmarket trainers (like a lot of schoolmates who know each other's playground form to an ounce) seem afraid to cut in on the off chance, and are content to win in their turn. How otherwise are we to account for the small fields and general lack of excitement so painfully conspicuous on all but great occasions?

In the breeding world there is not much stirring as yet, but there are rumours of more than one "retirement" next spring, notwithstanding a year of alarmingly high prices, and somehow we find but few really constant to their hobby. The reason for all this lies in the fact that professional men begin by collecting a few brood mares for pleasure, and gradually drift into the possession of many more than their leisure warrants; they having a second business in their hands, which of course they cannot undertake. The Buckland Court Stud has been transferred to fresh fields at Beenham, near Reading, where operations will be extended, and a better range has been secured for the young stock. By a system of alternating pastures, no danger will accrue of the various runs becoming tainted, and every precaution will be adopted against the objectionable system of overcrowding, the effects of which have become painfully apparent in more than one breeding centre. Of the newly-projected stud companies we hear but little, and it is strange the public do not seem to take kindly to this branch of speculation, though they can be readily induced to find the money for all sorts of El Dorados, concerning which their information is painfully limited.

With regard to the events of the Second October Meeting, we cannot with confidence recommend any one of the moderate lot engaged in the Post Produce Stakes, for Morgiana seems to have gone to the bad since Stockbridge, and neither of the Falmouth pair of Lord Lyons has succeeded in indicating the private reputations enjoyed by each prior to their debuts. One of the French pair may perhaps be equal to the emergency, and the same stable seems likely to have things all its own way in the Royal Stakes, wherein Camembert is engaged. A £200 Post Sweepstakes may be left to the Houldsworth representative, and the old-fashioned Clearwell appears to lie between the champions of Lord Falmouth and Mr. Baltazzi, and may give us another peep at the Lina colt. The big'un should also pick up the Bedford Stakes without much trouble, and we shall be content to stand *Wild Tommy* for the Beaufort. The "Select" in some degree justifies its appellation, and even if Kisber should be returned among the missing, the meet-

ing of Brigg Boy, John Day, Twine the Plaiden, Springfield, Julius Caesar, Petrarch, and Hesper over the Rowley Mile will be worth a journey to Newmarket to witness, and, with the Two Thousand fresh in our memory, we shall be content to stand *Petrarch* over what we consider to be his favourite distance. *Belphebe* reads best in the Bretby, and *Zee* in the Newmarket Oaks, while *Great Tom* or *Hellenist* should be capable of taking care of the rest in the Derby, and nothing seems likely to interfere with the slashing *Lady Golightly* in the Prendergast. Harking back to the great handicap of the meeting, we shall decline to review the chances of those likely to compose the field, or to venture, so long before the race, to hazard a guess at the probable Cesarewitch candidates. As usual, a number of animals have been backed, the chances of which, as stayers, are of the most shadowy description, and the rumours of trials have been as numerous and conflicting as ever. We shall be content to stand by our original selections, fully believing that *Hopblowm* will justify the sanguine hopes of Blanton, and that *Umpire* and *La Courcuse* will run very prominently, though our faith in the last-named has been slightly shaken, owing to the tactics adopted with her, and the extra weight she has incurred.

The Middle Park Plate will of course be the race of the Meeting, and we are likely enough to see some score of youngsters at the post, including most of the crack two-year-olds; but Verneuil has unfortunately been omitted from among the French nominations, and neither Bruce nor Rob Roy is engaged. Among public performers we find the *Lina Colt*, *Covenanter*, *Albert Edward*, *Silvio*, *King Clovis*, *Lady Golightly*, *Orleans*, *Morgiana*, *Cannon Ball*, *Leopold*, *Dee*, *Warren Hastings*, and *Pellegrino*; while of the "great unknowns," *Thunderstone*, *Sidonia*, *Central Fire*, *Glen Arthur*, *Actaeon*, and *Lace*, have all of them been whispered about as "good things in reserve" during the past season. Since the foundation of the race a goodly number of "darkies" have found their way to the winning post, and public feeling has inclined to animals kept in reserve for the great two-year-old race of the "back end." Upon the present occasion, however, we are inclined to look to the ranks of public performers, in place of reposing our faith in private reputations, and we rather expect a repetition of the race in Frivolity's year, when three penalized candidates occupied the foremost places. The *Lina colt* and *Dee* were rather too close together at Doncaster to augur any vast superiority in the former, and though *Blair Athol* will be strongly represented, we doubt the ability of any of his representatives to follow in *Prince Charlie's* footsteps. It is plain that *Warren Hastings* and *Lady Golightly* represent the highest class of form, and while the former gave us the idea of being quite at his best last summer, the *Heath House* filly has gone on improving since she succumbed to him by a head only in July, and is now quite at the top of the tree. The list of dark ones reads formidably enough, but we hear that more than one has failed dismally to pass his "previous examination"; and *Actaeon* has given his trainer a world of trouble during the summer, what with sore shins and other infirmities incident to the exigencies of training. For the reason given above, we have no hesitation in plumping for *LADY GOLIGHTLY*, should she carry her owner's confidence and the money of the trainer; and next to her we hold *Lina colt* in the greatest respect.

SKYLARK.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.
(Concluded.)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

A THIRD CLASS HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; D.M. Baron A. de Rothschild's b'f Queen of Cyprus by King Tom out of *Cypriana*, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb C. Wood 1 Mr. Headman's Cream Cheese, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb Newhouse 2 Duke of Hamilton's Pearldrop, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb Custance 3 Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Queen of Cyprus and Cream Cheese, and 2 to 1 agst Pearldrop. Won by five lengths; a similar distance between second and third.

The First Year of the Twenty-ninth TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES of 10 sovs each, for two year olds; the second received 10 per cent on the whole stake, and the third 5 per cent; T.Y.C.; 56 subs.

Lord Falmouth's b'f *Lady Golightly* by King Tom out of *Lady Coventry*, 8st 7lb F. Archer 1 Mr. W. S. Crawford's *Garbroch*, 8st 9lb T. Chaloner 2 Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's *Morgiana*, 8st 7lb Huxtable 3 Betting: 11 to 10 on *Lady Golightly*. Won by ten lengths.

The MOULTING STAKES (Handicap), of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; T.Y.C.: 20 subs.

Mr. Bowes's b'f *Twine the Plaiden* by *Blair Athol* out of *Old Orange Girl*, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb C. Archer 1 Count F. de Lagrange's *Eve*, 5 yrs, 7st 2lb Luke 2 Mr. Gomm's *Area Belle*, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb Heather 3 Also ran: *Slumber*, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; *Basnas*, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb; *Timour*, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb; *Minster*, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb; *La Seine*, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 8lb).

Betting: 9 to 4 agst *Twine the Plaiden*, 4 to 1 agst *La Seine*, 100 to 15 agst *Timour*, 8 to 1 each agst *Slumber*, *Eve*, and *Area Belle*, and 20 to 1 each agst *Minster* and *Basnas*. Won in a canter by four lengths. *Eve* passed the post second on sufferance, finishing a head before *Area Belle*, and close up were *La Seine* and *Minster*.

The SNAILWELL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two year olds; T.Y.C.

M. Joseph Dawson's b'c *Bruce* by King o' Scots out of *Recluse*, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb extra) C. Wood 1 Mr. T. Jennings's Sir Garnet, 8st 13lb (inc 3lb extra) J. Goater 2 Mr. Gömm's Warrior, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb extra) T. Cannon 3 Also ran: *Shillelagh*, 9st 6lb (inc 7lb extra); *Sugarloaf*, 8st 13lb (inc 3lb extra); *Tantalus*, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb extra); *Laure*, 8st 10lb (inc 3lb extra); *Grandee*, 8st 13lb (inc 3lb extra); *Mango*, 8st 10lb; *Pirat*, 8st 10lb; *Perkins*, 9st (inc 7lb extra).

Betting: 5 to 2 agst *Warrior*, 5 to 2 agst *Bruce*, 100 to 15 agst *Tantalus*, 8 to 1 each agst *Polly Perkins* and *Shillelagh*, and 10 to 1 agst *Sir Garnet*. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

Betting: 9 to 4 agst *Twine the Plaiden*, 4 to 1 agst *La Seine*, 100 to 15 agst *Timour*, 8 to 1 each agst *Slumber*, *Eve*, and *Area Belle*, and 20 to 1 each agst *Minster* and *Basnas*. Won in a canter by four lengths. *Eve* passed the post second on sufferance, finishing a head before *Area Belle*, and close up were *La Seine* and *Minster*.

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Betting: 5 to 2 agst *Warrior*, 5 to 2 agst *Bruce*, 100 to 15 agst *Tantalus*, 8 to 1 each agst *Polly Perkins* and *Shillelagh*, and 10 to 1 agst *Sir Garnet*. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

Betting: 9 to 4 agst *Skotkza*, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb; *Timballo*, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (car 7st 7lb).

Betting: 9 to 4 agst *Skotkza*, 9 to 2 each agst *Joseph* and *Bridge*, 5 to 1 agst *Timballo*, 8 to 1 agst *Allerton*, and 100 to 8 agst *Stopgap*. Won by half a length; a dead heat for second. *Joseph*, beaten a head, was fourth.

The SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 50 added; Rous course.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's b'f *Rosinante* by Rosicrucian out of *Kalipyge*, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (500 sovs) Parry 1

Mr. Headman's Curator, 3 yrs, 8st 200 Newhouse 2

Mr. Meadows's Blandford, 3 yrs, 8st 200 C. Wood 3

Betting: 5 to 4 on *Rosinante*, and 6 to 5 agst *Blandford*. Won by three lengths; ten between second and third.

The SOHAM STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; Rous course.

Mr. Headman's ch'f *Farnese* by Parmesan out of *Lady Coventry*, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (500 sovs) Newhouse 1

Lord Lascelles's Elsa, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb (100) Morrel 2

Mr. H. Baltazzi's Midlothian, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (100) Huxtable 3

Betting: 5 to 4 on *Farnese*, 7 to 4 agst *Midlothian*, and 8 to 1 agst *Elsa*. Won in a canter by four lengths. The winner was sold to Lord Lascelles for 500 guineas.

A FREE HANDICAP of 100 sovs each, hft; winners extra; Rous course; 4 subs.

Mr. T. Jennings's ch'f *Eccossais* by Blair Athol out of Margery Daw, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb J. Goater 1

Mr. H. Bird's Lowlander, 6 yrs, 9st 8lb Custance 2

Lord Duplin's Kaleidoscope, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (car 7st 7lb) F. Archer 3

Betting: Even agst *Lowlander*, 9 to 4 agst *Kaleidoscope*, and 7 to 2 agst *Eccossais*. Won in a canter by four lengths from *Lowlander*, who pulled up about half a length in advance of *Kaleidoscope*.

The RUTLAND STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year olds; Criterion course; 9 subs.

Count F. de Lagrange's ch'f *Leopold* by Consul out of Liouba, 8st 10lb J. Goater 1

Lord Vivian's Hidalgo, 8st 10lb T. Cannon 2

Count Henckel's Prince Giles I, 8st 10lb Custance 3

Also ran: Fieldfare, 8st 10lb; Poppette, 8st 6lb,

Betting: 7 to 4 on *Prince Giles I*, 11 to 2 agst *Fieldfare*, and 10 to 1 each agst *Leopold* and *Hidalgo*. Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

FRIDAY.

MATCH II: 50 sovs each; gentlemen riders. T.Y.C.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's Slumber, 5 yrs, 1st } off by consent.

Duke of Hamilton's Pearl Drop, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb } off by consent.

SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; weight for age; Rous Course, 5 furlongs. 8 subs.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's Rosinante, by Rosicrucian—Kalipyge, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb (200) Parry 1

Captain Machell's Segura, 2 yrs, 1st (£100) C. Archer 2

Sir J. D. Astley's Kino, 2 yrs, 7st (£100) Rossiter 3

Also ran: Maid of the Valley, 2 yrs, 7st (£100); Boswell, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (£200).

Betting: Even on *Rosinante*, 6 to 1 each agst *Segura* and *Maid of the Valley*, and 7 to 1 agst *Kino*. Won easily by three-quarters of a length. A neck divided second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Howitt for 150 guineas.

The FIRST OCTOBER TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 10 sovs each; 5 ft., with 100 added; Last half of R. M. 33 subs.

General Pearson's Chevron, by Rosicrucian—Cognisance, 9st 6lb (inc 100 extra) T. Osborne 1

Count F. de Lagrange's Pivonet, 8st 10lb T. Osborne 1

Sir F. Johnstone's Cesarion, 8st 10lb T. Cannon 2

Also ran: Monachus, 9st 6lb (inc 100 extra); Mavis, 9st 2lb (inc 100 extra); Blue Riband, 9st 6lb (inc 100 extra).

Betting: 9 to 4 each agst *Chevron* and *Blue Riband*, 5 to 1 agst *Mavis*, 6 to 1 agst *Monachus*, 7 to 1 agst *Pivonet*, and 10 to 1 agst *Cesarion*. Won by a length and a half; a length between second and third.

The NEWMARKET OCTOBER HANDICAP, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; the owner of the second receives 15 sovs; A.F. 1 mile 2 furlongs 73 yards. 73 entries, 55 of whom pay 3 sovs entrance only.

Mr.

KISBER.

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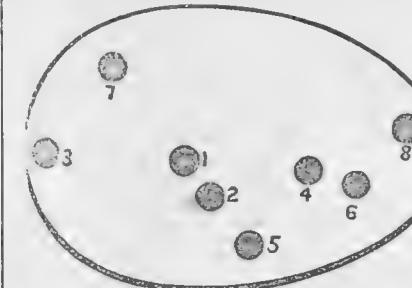
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will stand for 1877,

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.) by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, Knight of Kars, &c., &c.) He is the only horse now at the Stud except King Tom out of Pocahontas from Glencoe, from whom the best horses in America are descended. His stock have won over £30,000.—Thoroughbred Mares at 20 Guineas.

COCK OF THE WALK, black horse (foaled 1865) by Chanticleer out of Whimical by Launcelot—Whim by Voltaire—Fancy by Osmond.—At 20 Guineas a Mare, Groom's fee included. His yearlings are very good.

TICHBORNE (foaled 1870), a handsome bay horse, 16 hands high, 6 yrs, sound and without blemish, by Trumpeter out of Mermaid by Buccaneer—Naiad by Weatherbit; winner of the October Handicap and other races; and fifth in the Cesarewitch.—At 10 Guineas Thoroughbred Mares, 5 Guineas Half-bred Mares, and 2 Guineas Farmers' Mares.

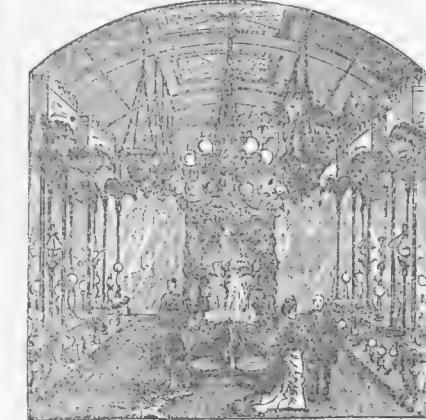
All subscriptions for thorough-bred mares to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate; half-bred mares of Mr. ELMER, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway, viz., the Midland, London and North-Western and Great Northern, at St. Albans.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. ELMER, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

Terms 20s. per week barren mares; 25s. ares for and with foals.

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LAMP MAKERS

TO THE COURTS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE,
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ALADDIN'S PALACE OF LAMPS,
in which are always on view, in an extensive range of
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ONE THOUSAND LAMPS,
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Libraries, and Boudoirs.

Each Duplex Lamp gives a light equal to
TWENTY-SIX SPERM CANDLES.

INVENTORS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL
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SOLE IMPORTERS of inodorous WHITE MO-
LUCCAS OIL, giving a brilliant and agreeable
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MANUFACTURER OF TOBACCO POUCHES.

WITH NAMES IN RAISED LETTERS.

Can be obtained direct from the Maker at the following prices on receipt of stamps or P.O.O.

No. 3, price 2s. od., will take a name of 9 letters.	
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All Names to be sent in Capitals.

Agent for the ALGERIAN CIGARS.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The
excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is
quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Venders, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.
This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blottches, pimples, sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Medicine Venders; at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.

GEO. REES,

115, STRAND, and 41, 42, 43, RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

ALEXANDRA PALACE COSTUME EXHIBITION,

OCTOBER 4th, 1876.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS and one HONOURABLE MENTION were awarded to Messrs. D. NICHOLSON & CO., 50 to 53, Saint Paul's Churchyard, for Costumes shown in eight of the Principal Classes. A large collection of Novelties is now ready at their House as under, comprising Costumes for Promenade, Yachting, Skating, Visiting, Reception, Mourning, Dinner, Ball, and Evening wear, from 2 Guineas to 20 Guineas; also for Children of all ages.

D. NICHOLSON & CO., 50 to 53, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.
(Extract from the Directors' Report, presented to the Shareholders at the Third Ordinary General Meeting, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 16th September, 1876.)

THE Directors have again much satisfaction in presenting their Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending 30th June last, and being their third half-yearly Report.

Notwithstanding the general depression of business, the Directors, during the past six months, have made, in addition to temporary loans, 401 advances of a more permanent character (making a total of 770 advances for the year), on Mortgage Deeds, amounting to £55,293 5s. 10d., upon which the interest and bonus amount to £5,260 1s. 6d.

From the above, the Shareholders will have no difficulty in judging that the business has so far developed in proportion as the Company has become known to the public, and that, from its intrinsic merits and utility, a further and rapid expansion may reasonably be expected.

The books, vouchers, and accounts of the Bank up to the 30th day of June, 1876, have been carefully examined by the Auditor, and, after an exhaustive investigation, have been certified as correct.

The Directors regret that they were unable to call the Shareholders together at an earlier date, but have taken steps to prevent a recurrence of any such delay in future; they also, being fully alive to the importance of the accuracy of the figures furnished, have devoted much anxious time to their elucidation and confirmation, and, in their discretion, they have had the services of an independent Auditor, and can now place the accounts before you with the greatest confidence.

The Shareholders consist of all classes of Society, including Clergy, Officers of the Army and Navy, Ladies, Professional Men, Merchants, Manufacturers, and Commercial Travellers, who have spontaneously joined the Company, and in many instances given, unasked, their valuable testimony to its utility, their approval of the principles upon which it is founded, and their confidence in the Board of Management.

The Directors in dealing with the profits have resolved to set aside yearly a sum to provide a Reserve Fund, so that the Shareholders may be assured of a Permanent Dividend of at least 12½ per cent., also to write off a portion of the purchase account each half-year. They have no doubt that this resolution will meet with the approval of all who feel an interest in the prosperity of the Bank. Such a course will ensure a double benefit—1st. Shares entitling to a good Dividend thus permanently secured, will be much more valuable than shares receiving larger Dividends for a limited period, but without the same solid basis to rest upon in times of stagnation. 2nd. Depositors will much more freely entrust their funds to a Company having a good Reserve Fund, than to one which divides all and provides nothing for the future.

LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK, LIMITED.

AT THE THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 16th September, 1876, Colonel MAHON in the Chair, the Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts were unanimously approved, and a Dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. was declared.

The cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously passed to Mr. James Pryor, the Manager of the Company, and to the Chairman and Directors.

By Order of the Board,

R. A. TYLER, Secretary.

43 and 44, Lombard-street,
18th September, 1876.

"There should be a better reason for the race of depositors than a fluctuating rate of 2 or 3 per cent."—Investors' Guardian.

LOMBARD BANK (Limited), 43 and 44, Lombard-st.; and 27 and 29, Regent-st. Established 1869, receives Deposits. On Demand, 5 per cent. Subject to Notice, 10 per cent. Opens Current Accounts. Supplies Cheque Books. Investors are invited to examine this new and improved system that ensures a high rate of interest with perfect security. The directors have never re-discounted, or re-hypothesized any of the securities. To BORROWERS.—It offers pre-eminent advantages for prompt advances on leases, reversions, policies, trade stocks, farm produce, warrants, and furniture, without removal, publicity, sureties, or fees.

JAMES PRYOR, Manager.

KINAHAN'S LL. WHISKY.
KINAHAN & Co. find that, through the recommendation of the Medical Profession, the demand for their CELEBRATED OLD LL WHISKY for purely medicinal purposes is very great. They think it will be satisfactory to the Public to read the following EXTRACTS OF THE ANALYSIS of the LL Whisky, from the eminent Analyst, Dr. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL.

I have very carefully and fully analysed Samples of this well-known and popular Whisky. The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell.—The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality. The Medical Profession may feel full confidence for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.

DINNEFORD'S
SOLUTION OF
MAGNESIA.

Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia.
The best remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT and INDIGESTION; and the safest mild aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.

DINNEFORD & Co., 172, Bond-street, London, and all Chemists.

NEW MUSIC.

TERMINATION OF THE LONDON SEASON.

CHAPPELL and Co. have now on view an immense stock of **SECONDHAND PIANOFORTES** by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Lipp, Rosenkranz, Schiedmayer, Chappell, &c., which will be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash. 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s **THREE YEARS' SYSTEM** of hire and purchase is applied to all kinds of pianofortes by the best makers from two guineas per quarter, post free by post. 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s **THREE YEARS' SYSTEM** is applied to **ORGANS,** **ALEXANDRE ORGANS,** **A MERICAN ORGANS,** **H ARMONIUMS,**

ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES can be tried side by side at 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S ENGLISH 20-Guinea or SCHOOL-ROOM PIANOFORTE, with Check Action, in Canadian Walnut, Mahogany; also, in Solid Oak or White Ash, 22 gs.; and in elegant Rosewood or Walnut Case, 27 gs. This instrument combines good quality of tone and excellence of workmanship. It has the merit of standing well in tune, and is capable of enduring hard school practice without going out of order.

CHAPPELL'S English Model COTAGE PIANOFORTE.—To amateurs preferring the pure English tone the English Model will be found the most satisfactory instrument, at a moderate price. The action is of a simple description, and therefore especially adapted to the country, where the more complicated actions are objectionable to the tuner.

In elegant Rosewood Case, with full fret, similar in all respects to other instruments at 50 gs., price 40 gs.; with handsome truss legs, 45 gs.; in splendid Walnut (similar to other 65-guinea instruments), price 45 gs.; with handsome truss legs, 50 gs. Seven Octaves (A to A).

CHAPPELL and Co.'s ORIENTAL MODEL PIANOFORTE, Iron Frame, Trichord throughout, Check Action, Seven Octaves, Solid Walnut Case. FIFTY-FIVE GUINEAS; or in Solid Mahogany or Black Walnut Case, and Check Action, FORTY-THREE GUINEAS; with Plain Action, THIRTY-EIGHT GUINEAS.

Made expressly to withstand the heat and moisture of extreme climates. Every part that is glued is also secured with screws. The felt on the hammers, &c., is fastened with pins. The back and the silk frame are lined with perforated zinc to keep out damp and insects; and every precaution taken that has been suggested by persons who have had many years' experience in the care of musical instruments in India and China.

Testimonials of the durability of these Instruments can be seen at 50, New Bond-street.

The price includes—1, Packing-cases of tin and wood; 2, A suitable tuning hammer or key; 3, A tuning fork; 4, Some additional strings; 5, A Book on Tuning and Preserving the Instrument; 6, And the Carriage to the Docks.

Show-Rooms, 50, New Bond-street.
Factory, Chalk Farm-road.

D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS. Played at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Just published, a New Set of Lancers, on Favourite Airs from Arthur Sullivan's Operetta. Illustrated in Colours. Price 2s. net, postage-free. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

NEW WALTZ BY CHARLES D'ALBERT. **D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY** WALTZ. A new Waltz on favourite Airs from Arthur Sullivan's Operetta, by the above popular Composer. Illustrated. Price 4s.; postage-free, 2s. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

D'ALBERT'S SWEETHEART'S WALTZ, on Arthur Sullivan's Popular Song. Played daily at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Price, post-free, 2s. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

SONG OF PROMISES, Sung by Mr. HARRY PAULTON. The Popular Song in the New Comic Opera—*Don Quixote*, by FREDERIC CLAY, enored every evening.

Such a song of promises, I'm about to sing,
Whether they'd be carried out, is quite another thing,
Others may excel me in things they undertake,
But I will quite eclipse them with the pledges that I [make].

CHORUS—Such a perfect governor is fit to be a king.
Post free 1s. 6d.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

DON QUIXOTE, by FREDERIC CLAY.—The MUSIC of this New Comic Opera, now being performed with immense success, may be had as follows:—

WHAT IS LOVE (My heart's my own). Soprano, enored.

WHO CAN TELL THE MAD DELIGHT. Baritone.

LOVELY MAIDEN. Duet, Soprano and Tenor, enored.

LOVE IS A TORMENT. Tenor, enored.

SONG OF CHIVALRY (In days of old). Contralto, enored.

MAIDEN SIGHING. Vocal Waltz, Soprano, enored.

Price 2s. each net; the Opera complete, including the Ballet Music, 5s. net.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

ONE SHILLING, carriage-free, 15 stamps, the AMERICAN MUSICAL ORGAN (Patented); far surpasses any yet produced. They are suitable for hymns, dance, or song. Made entirely by steam machinery. Thousands have been sold in America. Testimonials free.

ONE SHILLING, post-free, 15 stamps, The AMERICAN POCKET TIMEPIECE (Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal case, steel works, balanced action, enameled dial, glass dome. Each denotes correct time, and is warranted for two years. CAUTION.—To be procured only from the undersigned. All orders executed by return post.—B. PILLINGER, 7, Church-road, Upper Norwood, Surrey.

NEW MUSIC.

JOLLY SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Published by HUTCHINGS and ROMER, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. John Peel. Hunting Song. Price 3s. By D. Pentland. Four Jolly Smiths. Price 3s. By H. Leslie. A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea. Price 3s. By I. Gibsone. When Joan's Ale was new. Price 3s. By M. Kiko (as sung at the Oxford and Cambridge Universities). Nancy o' Bristol. Price 4s. J. L. Roeckel. Hear the Wild Wind Blow. Price 4s. Tito Mattei. With My Dog and My Gun. Price 2s. 6d. Bishop.

DRAWING-ROOM COMIC SONGS FOR LADIES. Published by HUTCHINGS and ROMER, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Who's That Tapping at the Garden Gate. Price 3s. There's No One There (sequel to above). Price 3s. I Told You So. Price 3s. Offenbach. The Timid Little Thing. Price 3s. Collier. My Love He is a Sailor. Price 3s. Fise. The Morning Call. Price 3s. Collier.

THERE'S AN ANGEL IN THE FLAME. Price 4s. A new song by Fase, which is likely to be more popular than his celebrated song, "Never Mind the Rest," in two keys, C and E. All the above songs can be had of any Musicians in the United Kingdom or the Colonies. Wholesale Warehouse, 10 and 11, Little Marlborough-street, Regent-street, London, W.

CRAMER'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRING PIANOFORTES, Harps, Harmoniums, Church, Chamber, and American Organs, originated by them, has been partially adopted and is advertised by other firms, but is carried out on a thoroughly large and liberal scale only by themselves. 297, 299, Regent-street; 43 to 46, Moorgate-street.

COVENTRY RACES will take place on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, October 17 and 18 (the week between Cesarewich and Cambridgeshire, and two days previous to Cheltenham).

The following closed on Tuesday, October 3:

FIRST DAY.

COVENTRY HANDICAP, 5 sovs each, 80 added. One mile and a furlong.

PACKINGTON NURSERY PLATE of 60 sovs. SELLING WELTER PLATE of 50 sovs.

MAIDEN HURDLE RACE, 30 sovs added.

SECOND DAY.

GODIVA PLATE of 60 sovs. Five furlongs.

CASTLE WELTER PLATE of 5 sovs.

CRAVEN HURDLE HANDICAP.

The following close on Tuesday, October 10:

OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE.

The following close on the evening before running of the first day:

CITY SELLING PLATE.

The following close on the second day:

SELLING WELTER.

SELLING HURDLE.

Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Clerk of the Course. Temple Chambers, New-street, Birmingham.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST AND MOTTO? By sending Name and County, with 3s. 6d., a plain drawing will be sent; if painted in heraldic colours, 7s. Pedigree traced. The Arms of Man and Wife blended. The proper colours for Servant's Livery, what buttons to be used, and how the carriages should be painted, according to Heraldic Rules. Culleton's "Book of Family Crests and Armories," 4000 Engravings printed in colours, £10 10s.; "The Manual of Heraldry," 4000 Engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free by T. CULLETON, Genealogist, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C. The Heraldic Library open from 10 till 4.

SEALED ENGRAVINGS by CULLETON.—Crest Engraved on Seals, Rings, Book-Plates, and Steel Dies for stamping paper, price 7s. 6d. Livery Button Dies, £2 2s. Crests engraved on silver spoons and family plate 5s. per dozen articles. A neat Desk Seal, with Engraved Crest, 12s. 6d. Registered letter, 6d. extra.—T. Culleton, Engraver to the Queen and Royal Family 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY contains a ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes all beautifully stamped with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the Steel Die engraved free of charge.—T. Culleton, Diesinker to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane.)

SIGNET RINGS by CULLETON, all 18-carat, Hall-marked. The most elegant patterns in London. 2000 to select from:—£2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s., £6 6s., £6 16s.; very massive, £10 10s.; heavy knuckle-dusters, £16 16s. Send size of finger by fitting a piece of thread, and mention the priced ring required. Arms, Crest, or Monogram engraved on the rings.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S PLATES for MARKING LINEN require no preparation, and are easily used. Initial Plate, 1s.; Name Plate, 2s. 6d.; Set of Moveable Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest or Monogram Plate, 1s.; with directions, post-free for cash or stamps, by T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

VISITING CARDS by CULLETON. Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post-free, including the engraving of copper plate. Wedding Cards, fifty each, fifty embossed Envelopes, with maiden name, 1s. 6d. Memorial Cards printed and Hatchments painted on the shortest notice.—T. Culleton, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

BALL PROGRAMMES by CULLETON.—All the newest designs in Ball Programmes and Menu Cartes for the season. Ball, Dinner, Breakfast, and Wedding Invitation Cards and Notes of every description, printed in gold, silver, and colour, and beautifully stamped with arms, crest, or monogram. Silk Banners painted, Illuminated Vellums for Presentations, Votes of thanks, &c. Paintings on Berlin Paper for Needlework.—T. Culleton, Engraver to the Queen and all the Royal Family, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.

SOLID GOLD SEALS, engraved with crest, £1 1s., £2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s., £5 5s., £6 6s., and £7 7s.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C. Post-office Orders payable at Cranbourn-street.

GENTLEMEN in Town, Country, or Abroad, can have their BUSINESS OR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESSED AND FORWARDED with safety; name on window; use of rooms for writing; terms moderate.

DE LA MOTTE'S, 14 and 15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

TATTERSALL'S, ALBERT GATE, HYDE-PARK.

SALES BY AUCTION EVERY MONDAY.

Horses on view Saturday.

YEARLING SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give Notice that all lots at their Yearling and Thoroughbred Sales are expected to be paid for before delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular customers after a sale, it must be upon the understanding that they are to be paid for on the following Monday at Albert-gate.

NOTICE.—There will NOT be a SALE NEXT THURSDAY.—THURSDAY'S SALES are DISCONTINUED for the SEASON.

SECOND ANNUAL UNRESERVED SALE OF HUNTERS,

At BELHUS, Aveley, Essex, on Saturday, October the 7th.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, the property of SIR THOMAS BARRETT LENNARD, BART., THIRTY good HUNTERS, many of which are perfect as HUNTERS for LADIES.

At the sale the horses will be ridden, and will jump several fences. The horses are in hard work, and nearly fit to go. At the same time will be offered for sale, at very moderate reserve prices, which are given in the catalogue, six lots of BLOOD STOCK, including ANNETTE, the dam of LADY MOSTYN.

Luncheon at 12.30. Sale to begin at 1.30.

Shelter will be provided in case of wet weather.

Bellus is four miles from Rainham and five miles from Grays stations on Southend Railway, and seven miles from Romford on Great Eastern Railway. The train leaving Fenchurch-street at 10.50 will stop at Rainham on the day of the sale.

The horses will be on view to the public on Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th of October, and up to 12 o'clock on the morning of the day of the sale, and will be shown by appointment on any day after Wednesday, the 20th of September. The horses will NOT BE shown on Friday, the 6th of October.

NAPPER TANDY, chestnut gelding; very fast, and clever in any country, carries a lady.

LUCIFER, Brown gelding; well-known with the Hon. F. Petre's Staghounds, and in the Essex and Suffolk county, very fast and clever, and the winner of many prizes for jumping and trotting.

WARD, bay gelding; by Tenant Right, dam by Blazer; good hack for a lady, and has carried a lady hunting in Leicestershire.

THE PRIEST, grey gelding, by Gamekeeper, dam by Freney; equal to 14 stone, very temperate, and particularly clever in a cramped country, carries a lady.

QUEEN ANNE, bay mare, very clever in any country, a safe timber jumper, and very bold at water; well known with Mr. Garth's Hounds.

DUBLIN, brown gelding, by Porto Rico: a weight carrier, very clever and temperate, and handsome enough for a first charger.

ENNISCORTHY, bay gelding; up to great weight, very clever and fast, an extraordinary light pleasant horse to ride; a perfect hack for a lady.

WARGAME, bay gelding, by Theobald; up to great weight, a bold horse, very clever at banks, and a great timber jumper; well known with Mr. Garth's Hounds.

RUFA, chestnut mare, by Young Plenipotentiary; a very sharp clever mare, and a good hack for a lady.

CASTLE BLANEY, chestnut gelding, by Young Harkaway; up to great weight, very temperate, and clever in any country, would be a good hunter for a lady, and every handsome as a charger for a heavy man.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY, grey mare; very fast and clever, a beautiful mare, suitable for a first charger for a middle-weight man in the Greys.

KILMALLOCK, bay gelding, by Victor; up to 14 stone, very clever, temperate, and handy, carries a lady, and would make a good charger.

LILLY DALE, grey mare, by Dalesman; very temperate, clever, and fast, likely to win hunt or garrison steeple chases, can go in any country.

KILKOLMAN, bay gelding, by Porto Rico; a particularly handsome horse, won second prize at Eastern Counties Open Horse Show, 1876; very clever, well-known in the County Kerry.

AMULET, grey mare; extraordinarily safe and clever, and very fast; perfect as a hunter for a lady, or to teach a lady or a boy to ride hunting.

CONNAUGHT, bay gelding; up to 14 stone, very fast and clever, and a great timber jumper, has been ridden hunting by a lady, would be a very handsome charger.

FOOTRIDGE, grey gelding; up to great weight; well known with the Hon. F. Petre's staghounds, and the Essex and Suffolk Hounds; very clever at banks, and a great timber jumper.

SNUFFBOX, up to weight; a perfect hunter for a lady in any country, and carries a little girl.

HORDLEY, chestnut gelding, by Wildman (a son of Wild Dayrell); winner of the first prize at Glasgow, and the second prize at Birmingham, for hunters not exceeding 15 hands in height; very clever in a bank country, and very temperate.

THE GENERAL, brown gelding, by Coroner, dam by Toralio; a very handsome horse, carries a lady, is extraordinarily steady on parade, and has been regularly ridden as charger all this season by a field officer of fourteen years standing.

THE MATRON, bay mare; fast and clever, has been hunted in Suffolk and Essex, is very steady with troops, and has been regularly ridden as charger.

LURGANBEG, chestnut gelding, by Blarney, dam by Small Hopes; perfect as either hunter or hack for a lady.

GOSSOON, brown gelding; fast and clever in any country, and carries a lady.

LURGANMORE, chestnut gelding, by Zouave (half brother to the Lamb), dam by Freney; up to 14 stone, fast, a great jumper, and likely to win hunt or military steeple chases at high weights.

THE BLAZER, chestnut gelding; up to 14 stone, very safe and clever in a difficult country.

THE S

AMERICAN HORSES IN INDIA.

THE prospect of the future supply of horses for the cavalry in India is attracting much attention. It is said that the management of the army stud hitherto has been bad. As a great military power, open to attack from within and without, India should be independent of all outside aid, and in possession of an ample and suitable supply of horses of her own. That she at one time, under native rule, did possess a breed of active, terse horses is a matter of history. Whence the future supply shall be obtained is the question.

Several schemes for breeding systematically from native, strong, but low-bred mares, and thorough-bred, imported stallions, have been devised, but do not meet with favour. The importation of horses from the Cape of Good Hope does not seem practicable to any great extent, nor from Australia, although the extensive grazing plains of Queensland will no doubt hereafter be utilized to raise a stock of fine horses for exportation; at present there is no good breed of Australian horses in existence there, unless it is the immediate descendants of imported English thorough-breds.

Mares are now the great want of India—strong, blooded mares. It is tropical country, and it is said that countries of the sun must have horses of the sun. It was from the clear, sunny climate of Arabia that the founders of the race came which have given the Eastern cavalry their best coursers; and they naturally look to Arabia for a renewal of the stock. One favourite suggestion, then, is to purchase large numbers of brood mares from the Bedouins, who, in the spring and summer, are generally roaming in the pastures of Aleppo, Palmyra, Horns, and Hama, in the fertile plain of the swift Orontes, in the plain of Esdralon, or in the vicinity of Damascus. One of these tribes, the Sebaa Anezi,

can muster ten or twelve thousand horsemen at any time; and their mares bear the repute of having in their veins the purest blood to be found in the desert. They trade largely. These horses can be got up to fifteen hands two inches high. The mares thus being secured, it is proposed not to ship them all to India, but to establish a stud, or sort of supply station in Syria, whence they can be taken by the Red Sea to Bombay, or marched overland in case of emergency. There are strong arguments in favour of some such plan, but the expense is against it.

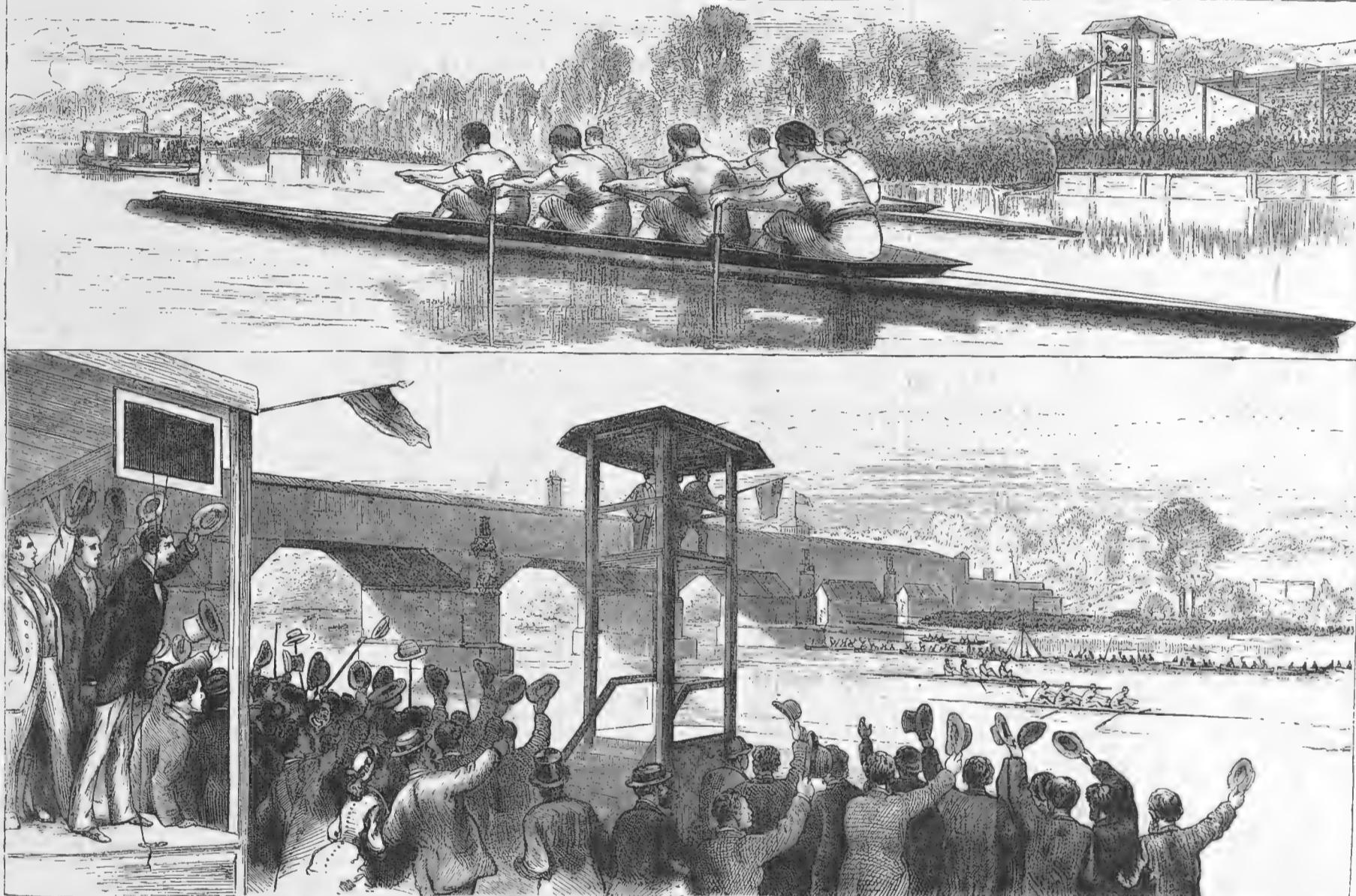
Another plan is to obtain brood mares from Hungary. No troops in the world are better mounted than the Austrians. Their horses are very large, handsome, and shapely animals, with great power. The parent stock of this breed came originally from Arabia through Turkey, and it has grown and flourished under the careful and intelligent cultivation bestowed on it. Within the tropics there cannot be a superfluity of blood, but for the hard, enduring service of the cavalry, bone must go with it. By bone is meant that dense, ivory-grained, osseous material appertaining to the thorough-bred. It was this combination of blood and bone that enabled Goldsmith Maid to trot a mile in 2m. 14s., and sends along the Texas horse day after day his sixty miles on no other keep than the natural grasses of the prairie. Now it seems to be reduced to this, that the horses which India must take for her future must be derived from the Western United States.

A company has been started in India called the Horse Supply Association, which proposes establishing a line of large, powerful, and speedy steamers to run between Milford Haven and Norfolk, Va., and Galveston, Texas, the passages being calculated to and back from either port, respectively, at twelve and twenty-two days. These vessels will be fitted especially for the horse trade, and are very stiff and steady in sea way. Each will

be able to carry about four hundred horses. It is proposed to import two classes:

1st.—The horses of the Western States, which are to be found in great numbers, especially in the blue-grass country of Kentucky. They are large, powerful, symmetrical, upstanding animals, possessing ample bone and substance with, as a rule, superb natural trotting action. Such horses, well broken, and fresh from the dealer's hands, can be purchased on the spot for from 75 dols. to 150 dols. each, and in the English market would readily realise prices from 60 guineas to even 200 guineas and upwards. It is estimated that allowing 25 dols. per head by rail and water to the port of Norfolk, they would be landed in Milford Haven for 75 dols. more. If purchased as three-year olds, their original cost would be much less. These mares could go on to India, via the Canal, and be landed safely and, in fact, in good heart, for prices averaging 300 dols. and would be worth at least double the money.

2nd.—Texas horses; also procurable in vast numbers—some of the ranches carrying from 15,000 to 20,000 head—and for which there is so limited a demand at present that the breeders actually contemplate slaughtering them for the sake of their hides and tallow. These horses are well suited for light draft and saddle purposes. Inheriting the Barbary blood introduced from Morocco, they show much of the characteristics of that breed; having the small, blood-like head, dished face, broad square forehead, full eye, small pricked ear, thin, open nostril, arched crest, and well-set-on tail of the desert horse. Their legs are sinewy and clean, and feet excellent, while their shoulders are better placed than those generally seen in Barbs. Like the Indian country bred and the South American mustang, their chief fault lies in the drooping quarters which, though indicative of speed and activity, are unsightly. This fault, if fault it can be called, when it does not



1. Struggle between the London and Yale Crews at the Finish, August 29th.

2. The Finish on August 30th—Scene from the Grand Stand.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED REGATTA ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

MR. CHARLES COGHLAN IN NEW YORK.

MR. MARK INSLEE, speaking of the above actor in *Turf, Field, and Farm*, says I found him (a deserter from the London stage, in spite of the remonstrances of the hosts of people with whom he is a great favourite) to be a tall, graceful, well-made young man, who looked hardly more than thirty years old. The first point about his acting that impressed itself upon me was that it was quiet, smooth, and easy; next, that its moderation could not be ascribed to a lack of latent power. When a demand was made upon Mr. Coghlan's reserved force, he responded admirably, as was noticeable in the scene with Graves at the end of the third act, where Evelyn discovers Sir John Vesey's trickery, and resolves to outwit him. This was but one of several situations where he proved himself more acceptable than most of our best stock actors would have been under similar circumstances. But I thought his reading frequently bad, inexplicably so in fact, for no actor of ordinary intelligence need jumble his sentences into an indistinguishable mass as Mr. Coghlan did some of his. At times there seemed to me a slight resemblance to Mr. Charles Fechter in Mr. Coghlan's manner of speaking, and then again it seemed to recall Mr. Rignold. One point in his favour is that he has none of that disagreeable accent so common to our professional importations from England. He is able, too, to keep his hands out of his pantaloons' pockets, and his shirt cuffs never seem to give him any particular trouble. Small things these, to be sure, but when we have been led to believe, by the many instances constantly thrust before us, that the average English actor never takes his hands out of his pockets except to pull down his cuffs or light a cigarette, we are apt to welcome an innovation upon such customs with feelings of the deepest gratitude. It seems hardly necessary to say that Mr. Coghlan cannot compare with

Mr. Lester Wallack in the part of Evelyn. There was an impression that he would be able to compete with the latter gentleman in some parts, but any such delusion must have been dispelled after Tuesday's performance, commendable though that performance may have been. To continue an estimate of Mr. Coghlan's abilities by comparison, it may be remarked that he appears to have as much skill as Mr. George Clarke, without that gentleman's affectations and finicalities; that he is as gentlemanly and refined as Mr. Montague, and much more spirited; that he is less burly and coarse-grained than Mr. Charles Thorne, Jr., or Mr. Rignold, and that he is quite as powerful as either.

MR. J. C. SIMPSON, of the *California Spirit of the Times*, has resorted to the bicycle as an easy method to annihilate old Father Time. His plan is to substitute one wheel for two, and the light rig of a bicycle for the weightier and more cumbersome sulky. Mr. Simpson thinks some such arrangement would possess many advantages over the sulky, with few drawbacks to its practical application. By using bamboo for shafts, and one wheel, the weight would be still decreased. There would be very little chance for collisions, and a horse could keep as close to the fence as if it went under the saddle. Necessarily the wheel would have to be far enough back to be behind the reach of the horse's foot in the stride, and this would bring the seat so as to throw more of the weight on the horse's back. With some this would be an advantage. The wheel would be a good deal smaller in diameter than those now in use, which would render it stiffer. The poise could be sustained by using a tree with as much bearing as the saddle of a vacuero, and a little practice on the part of the driver would make the retention of the equilibrium not very difficult.

amount to meanness, has on several of the large runs been remedied by careful crossing with some of the best blood from the Eastern States, and the produce is a powerful horse, with no great height, possessing undoubted stamina. Picked, but unbroken, horses can be bought off the best run for from 25 dols. to 50 dols. each, and an English writer tells us that many of a desperately ill-used batch landed at Liverpool the other day, after a voyage of forty-eight days in a small steamer, would have passed for large-sized brothers to Alli Shah and Gray Leg in a Bombay dealer's stable. At the price these really excellent animals could be landed at; the Government of India could well and wisely afford to mount several regiments on picked mares which, eventually, after some years' service, would pass out of the ranks into private hands as brood mares.

Or even a nearer supply could be found in Southern California. On many of the large ranches great care has been taken with the *manadas*, in keeping the mares in good condition and up to a fair standard of height, although, as a rule, a most reckless course is pursued in allowing mares and foals to run with almost unstinted liberty, the result of which is seen in the club-footed and weedy colts to be seen with most *cavidiadas* or bands. The transportation from our western coast to India would be even more direct than from Texas, and the quality of the stock quite as good. We have seen the produce of the common mustang of California; when crossed with a trotting horse of average quality, turn out remarkably well, even for track purposes, and Occident, although, of course, an exceptional horse, is said to have been gotten from a mustang mare. However, whether it be Texas or California, the opening of a market in India for our surplus horses is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." In the words of the immortal Sellers, "There's millions in it." —*Forest and Stream*.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

THE prospectus of the "International Stud Company (Limited)" is now before us, and although it does not appear to have been sown broadcast, after the manner of the many inducements to invest which crowded our letter-boxes in the "Baronial" era, we presume that it may be considered fairly open to criticism, notwithstanding that the capital is announced as intended to be raised "by private subscription." After duly reviewing the contents of the prospectus with an eye to a thorough comprehension of the proposed scheme, we fail to see how it can operate to the prejudice of any existing interests whatever, and we are quite at a loss to comprehend why the "old originals" at Cobham should have been so terribly exercised in their minds as to have directed the publication of that extraordinary manifesto which proclaimed that the Stud Company had no connection with "the other house round the corner." The directors might, indeed, have been justly flattered by the compliment paid to them by the founders of the new Jerusalem in taking the Cobham establishment as a basis for their venture, and it was really a sign of weakness for so firmly established and flourishing a concern to set up its back when threatened with an opposition only as yet in embryo, and which could not hope to get into full swing for another season or two at the soonest. Perhaps it was—that visions of an opposition ring in Sandown Park troubled the hearts of the Cobham executive, who resented this bearding of the British lion in his very den by an International Coalition; perhaps Mr. Bell bethought him of young Boiards or Mortemers furnishing a formidable counter-attraction to the scions of his pale chestnut and the bay German child of his adoption; perhaps it was considered that opportunities for "interchange of blood" would militate against the filling of Blair Athol's list in years to come. Be these things as they may, a somewhat unaccountable panic was established, which was bound to disappear more quickly than it arose, after facts had been duly weighed and considered, and when it became apparent, by the actual showing or the prospectus itself, that one concern was in no degree likely to interfere with the other, and that "two of a trade" might very well exist without any injurious conflict of interests.

The great desiderata for a prospectus which appeals not only to the sympathies but to the pockets of the public, should be reasonableness, ingenuousness, and perspicuity. We are bound to admit that the general idea is an excellent one, and for the most part feasible, and likely on that account to commend itself to the attention of capitalists as well as of that large body of our countrymen who are never easy without dabbling in horseflesh, and are ready to come forward with their smaller contributions towards its capital. Taking the prospectus as a whole, we say, and without for the present considering its details, nothing can promise grander or more profitable results than the "interchange of blood" between France and England; and in order to ensure this most desirable state of things, many imperfections would doubtless be forgiven, were it not for the awkward fact that these flaws in the structure appear to us to exist at those very places where a lack of strength would involve the most serious consequences. We must expect all prospectuses to be highly coloured, but it appears that in the one before us which sets forth the programme of the International Stud Company, a vast deal too much is taken for granted, and we are met in *limine* by certain objections which we would point out, not in any spirit of opposition, but as calling for immediate rectification, if the scheme is to "go down" at all among the classes to the tastes and sympathies of which its appeal is mainly directed. We must all be much gratified at the chivalrous and disinterested motives which have induced the Executive Council (for England) to undertake gratuitously the arduous duties of control and supervision which will be entailed by their acceptance of office. Still we should have preferred to find among them the names of at least one nobleman or gentleman bearing weight in the breeding world, and more conversant with its principles and practice than any of the four at present forming the Council can pretend to be. Often as Admiral Rous has dipped his pen into the ink of controversy in the cause of Turf administration, we are accustomed to look up to him more as a legislator for racing, after its "instruments" have been produced, than as an authority as regards the theory of reproduction. The Admiral's colleagues all bear the reputation of good sportsmen and good fellows, but are better known as enthusiasts in other walks than that of breeding, so far, at least, as concerns their public connection with sport. With their names published at the head of some provincial programme as stewards of a race-meeting, we should all feel unbounded confidence in their ability to carry things through to a successful and satisfactory issue, but not one of them, so far as we are aware,

breeds either for public sale or private amusement, being content with the enjoyment of racing at the post, apart from its preparatory process in the paddock. We speak thus, on the supposition that to this executive body are to be entrusted the multifarious duties that devolve on owners of breeding-stock in general, in addition to the business of financial management, which must also engage their attention. But if the last-named most important function be their special province, and if they judiciously refrain from going into the details of the breeders' business (in which one head is far better than two), how comes it that they have omitted from their prospectus the name of the gentleman who is to fill the all-important post of "manager?" We do not hesitate to say, that everything in the successful conduct of a business such as the newly-formed company has asked the public to support, depends upon the fitness for his post, the zeal and ability, the industry and attention to his duties, of the manager. If the Council decide to be their own managers, well and good; but, inasmuch as we cannot conceive this to be their intention, they have committed a grave error of omission in failing to inform the public in whose hands they propose to place the important task of controlling and administering the stud in its physical aspect. Much judgment and experience is required, as well as "love in the heart and knowledge in the head," and constant application to the thousand-and-one details which vex the souls of breeders. The man who aspires to the post of manager must, in addition to the above qualifications, possess that of capability for conducting business, tact in administration, constant vigilance in making the most of opportunities, and diligence in pushing the interests of his employers. Such a man is not to be met with at every street corner, and doubtless the Council are busily engaged in searching for him; but we are satisfied that the fact of their being able to announce his engagement would strengthen their programme immensely; which, as it now stands, reminds us of the play of Hamlet, omitting the part of the Prince of Denmark. In fact, the names of directors, solicitors, bankers, and secretary, might very well be omitted to make room for the name of the proposed manager, for upon his shoulders the entire well-being and success of the Company must ultimately depend. Doubtless the liberal salary which so large a concern should be able to offer would attract the man best qualified for the situation; which is by no means an irresponsible one, as long experience has amply proved.

Still reviewing the prospectus, we cannot fail to be struck by the very loose manner in which it has been compiled, and in citing the averages realized by what are termed "some of our principal studs," the method of selection by which they are included in that category would appear to be formed upon their success as speculations, rather than upon their numerical strength. It is quite a stretch of imagination to place small (although highly successful) collections like Mr. Waring's, Mr. Combe's, and, we may add Mr. Chaplin's, in the position of principal studs, to the exclusion of Neasham, Yardley, Sheffield Lane, the Glasgow, Pulborough, and others which ought to have been taken into account when striking the averages; while the inclusion of Mr. Houldsworth's "weed out" in the July week should not have been permitted to affect the list at all. Only by implication does it appear upon the face of the prospectus that the Company are to keep stallions of their own, since, in summing up, one of the prospective advantages is declared to be, "the services, at comparatively low fees, of all the best stallions in France," and we are only reminded of the proposed existence of the sire element in the scheme by a clause which limits forty mares to each stallion. This last announcement, though plausible enough at first sight, and ostensibly introduced with a view to prevent the "overdoing" of stallions, is, nevertheless, rather a "rule of thumb" line of business, and is a matter of detail with which the general body of subscribers is very remotely concerned, such points being generally left to the discretion of the manager, who will act in accordance with the varying circumstances of each case, and can lay down no hard and fast line to suit the exigencies of all. The prospectus abounds too much in tautologies (or what appear to be such) and obscurities, which should not have been suffered to exist, and its compilation strikes us as being the work of a hand quite unskilled in drafting such documents in general, and those abounding with *specialities* in particular. We are gravely told that "Too many horses and mares are bred from, simply because they inherit a fashionable pedigree, and have won some big stake, no heed being taken to their conformation or soundness." The italics are our own, and will speak for themselves; but we would ask our readers whether the choicest strains of blood and the capabilities for success in some important race are not in themselves for the most part material guarantees for the excellency of conformation and soundness in wind and limb, concerning which promoters of the International scheme would appear to be in doubt. Omit the words "too many" from the beginning of the sentence, and the remainder would stand, a truism indeed, but incapable of misconception, and not inapplicable to the purposes of a prospectus, which is safer when dealing with generalities than specialities. Again, we find it stated, that "it is now the custom to pay inordinately high prices for maiden mares with only blood and speed to recommend them." From whence is derived this extraordinary hallucination, and how is it to be reconciled with the preceding paragraph, which proclaims the intention of the association to be to stock its farm with "the finest and best bred maiden mares—irrespective of their performance on the racecourse?" If "too many mares are bred from, simply because they inherit a fashionable pedigree," why should the association fly in the very face of this objection, and seek out the "finest and best-bred maiden mares—irrespective of their performance on the racecourse?" It may have happened, upon occasions of recent date, that inordinately high prices have been paid for maiden mares with only their blood and speed to recommend them; but the two last "modern instances," furnished by the sales of Marie Stuart and Fraulein, also point in the direction of lasting powers being considered a recommendation paramount to mere speediness, and even with regard to

this latter drawback (in the eyes of International promoters), we have the authority of more than one breeder of standing and experience for stating that speed on the side of the dam is an all-important consideration in their eyes. If the association is to start with maiden mares, they cannot hold their first yearling sale for more than two years hence, and we all know that the public palate requires a deal of tickling, especially in cases of novel ventures, and that purchasers are apt to turn up their noses at the produce of untried animals, be their breeding credentials never so fair. Therefore, it would be highly politic to hold a sale as soon as possible after the establishment of the undertaking, and, for this purpose, to purchase several "dams of winners" in foal, at any price, so as to import a flavouring and tone into their first bill of fare, and, through the medium of old-established and highly-relished dishes, to attract guests to try other delicacies in the menu which have a character and reputation yet to make. The expectation of realising high prices for the produce of mares maiden in a double sense—both as regards success on the turf and at the stud—is chimerical in the highest degree, and it is further extremely doubtful, even in the cases of well-known and approved dams of winners, whether their produce by "the best stallions in France" would suit the tastes of English buyers. This is too wide a question to discuss at the present time, but we shall return to it ere long, and show that English ideas of "fashion" in stallions would operate prejudicially to the sale of yearlings by such horses as we have recently seen responsible for some of the greatest French winners, both in this country and in the land of their birth.

Let the promoters of the new company put aside new-fangled notions, and revert to the original idea of its "establishment on the basis of the highly-successful Stud Company at Cobham," which has all along been conducted on sound common-sense principles, without attempting to strike out any new sensational line of its own. There is ample room for half-a-dozen companies profitably to co-exist, and the new scheme, as we said at starting, has much to recommend it on general principles, and is not likely to injure existing interests. The formation of a dépôt in England is indispensable, and no better field of operations could be secured than Highfield Hall, which is easily accessible alike from the stud-farm in Normandy and from London, where buyers do mostly congregate in the season. It seems a thousand pities that the elements of success inherent in the undertaking should be marred by the incoherencies and incongruities which disfigure its programme. These will cause many to decline who would otherwise have accorded their support, and, like numbers of other good things, it has been spoilt by over-cooking. And as we have traversed the premises, so we must challenge the accuracy of their conclusions, which point to (1) The service, at comparatively low fees, of all the best stallions in France, and an exchange of blood. (2) All the stock born and bred in its paddocks will be eligible to run in all races in France; and, therefore, at the yearling sales, the owners of race-horses in both countries will be brought into competition. (3) Cheaper land, forage, and labour, with all the conditions equal to the most favoured horse-breeding districts of Great Britain. The accuracy of this last statement we have no present means of verifying, but of the two former we may say, firstly, that the demand for the services of the "best stallions in France" is likely soon to bring them up to the same extravagant price as our own; and, secondly, that French sportsmen, having discovered home-breeding to be the most paying game, are not likely to desert it in favour of a sensational scramble by the ring side, even though a "forty-one hundred guinea yearling" should be setting John Bull by the ears.

A MEMBER of a City firm, once well known at Henley and other regattas, laid a friend £10 to £1 that the Maharajah Duleep Singh would not kill 400 brace of birds to his own gun on the opening day of partridge shooting. According to the account of the Maharajah's head keeper, the bag fell short by seven, being only 793 head.

The contest for the Swimming Championship took place on Saturday, the opponents being E. T. Jones, who hails from Leeds, and J. B. Johnson, of Blackburn. A prominent swimming club, who meet every Christmas morning in the Serpentine, having in 1873 offered a valuable silver cup, to be held for three consecutive years against all comers; Johnson entered, and won with ease. The next year Johnson visited the States, and his rival Jones won the race, which was from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge, and has been champion since; but Johnson having returned just prior to last Christmas, they met on July 29 last, and reached the bridge amidst great excitement in 35 min. 25 sec., Jones being about sixty yards in front of his adversary. After some negotiation a fresh match was arranged, Johnson still laying claim to the Cup, and £25 a side was deposited, but the match was sensibly arranged to take place in the morning, when there was less likelihood of either man being impeded by the traffic. A steam launch was engaged for the use of the umpire, and a select party assembled at Waterloo Pier at 9.30 a.m. Saturday morning, who waited patiently in the wind and rain till she arrived. By the time Wandsworth was reached, where Johnson was picked up, the rain had somewhat abated, and there being a good swing of tide and little wind, a good match was confidently looked forward to. Jones put off from Putney, accompanied by J. E. Warburton and Professor Beckwith, Johnson having the advice of his brother and Mr. F. Ralph. The start was made from the bows of the launch by pistol signal from the umpire (Mr. J. Vandy, *Bell's Life*), and Johnson, who selected the Middlesex shore, got off best, as Jones paused slightly; but the latter soon drew level, and at the Star and Garter led by a yard and a half. Both steered towards Surrey, going in magnificent style on the right side, with the left arm working with the regularity of a machine; but Johnson appeared to lie deeper than his opponent, who gradually drew away, till at the Creek about a dozen yards separated them. Jones continued to increase his lead after this, but on making the shoot across, Johnson put on a magnificent spurt, and gradually drew up as they made for the Soap Works, till only a trifle over boat's length separated them. Jones, however, answered the call and an obstinate contest for the remainder of the distance ended in his winning by from fifteen to twenty yards. Time, 27 min. 17 sec.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, we have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with cost against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn Hill, London.—[A.D.]

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

XIII.—MRS. WELLS.

Of this lady we have no intention of writing a line. But permit us to introduce one John Bernard, a gentleman who lived in her time and knew her well, an actor of no mean repute, a manager of high merit, an author, and one of the first secretaries of the Old Beefsteak Club, who went to America, and was there as famous as he had been here. Mr. Bernard, if you please, shall sit down amongst us, in the spirit—not to scratch stupid words on slates, or perform eccentric meaningless tricks with the furniture, but to gossip with us amusingly about this famous old player of the past century, Mrs. Becky Wells. Mr. John Bernard says, "in the course of my recollections, it has been my necessity to speak very often of that peculiar species of moral being, termed an eccentric; obviously, because theatrical life more abounds with it than any other. Eccentrics are plants that spring up all over the world; but the stage is a hot-house, where we see the greatest collection. Parker, Whately, Bowles, and some others, have been embalmed in these pages, to the knowledge, I should hope, of five generations to come; but if my reader has conscientiously decided on the respective claims of these worthies to pre-eminence, Mrs. Wells must now walk into his acquaintance, and bid them all hide their diminished heads."

"I must admit, however, I have heard my own opinion disputed, that eccentricity is any peculiar constitution of the mind, but rather a disease; if so, as it is utterly impossible, either in a moral or physiological manner, to give any account of its nature and origin, I shall do no more than lay before my reader a few of its effects, as evidenced in the life of Mrs. Wells. In doing this I propose my reader's instruction as well as amusement; for I shall avail myself of an old 'Beef-steak' opinion, which corrected Pope (not the actor) upon two points:—First, where he says, 'An honest man's the noblest work of God!' deciding that it is rather 'an honest woman!' (that being the more wonderful), and next, that the 'proper study of mankind is' not 'man,' but 'woman!' she being the much more complicated machine of the two."

"I have already mentioned that my acquaintance with Mrs. Wells commenced at Exeter, in 1776; where, being young and pretty, she was playing the second-rate 'walking ladies,' or rather 'jumping girls,' in the farces, who have merely to say, 'they love Charles dearly';—they won't marry Mr. Higginbottom, and they don't mind being locked up.' Taking *The Author* for my benefit, I selected her to play Becky Cadwallader, who is a simpleton in the superlative sense. She was rather afraid of the undertaking, till I encouraged her by saying 'if she would merely put her thumb in her mouth, and look as usual, she would fulfil Foote's ideas to perfection.' Her success in this character obtained her an opening at the Haymarket, where her performance of Becky established her fame, and gave her a cognomen for the rest of her days. Surrounded by a legion of gallant editors, who, in those days, were all Majors of the Guards or Captains of Artillery, she was led to think that their efforts to maintain her reputation would not tend to undermine it, and put herself under the protection of Topham, who, though a very worthy fellow, rather too strenuously advocated the 'Liberty of the Press.'

"It was then her disease (if such it be admitted) began first to display itself. Becky loved to oppose all the tastes and customs of the world; to wear furs in the summer and muslins in the winter; to improve her health by riding down to Oxford or Cambridge in hackney coaches, and to relieve the ferment of town society, by incurring premeditated debts, and getting into sponging-houses, where she might enjoy her reflections undisturbed;—of all of which vagaries the gallant editor supplied the means with his purse, and defended the propriety with his pen. That amiable creature Miss Pope, endeavouring one day to reason with her, observed—"Think, Mrs. Wells, what the 'world' says of such conduct!"—Becky's head only ran upon Topham's 'World'; and she answered, 'I beg your pardon, Ma'am, the 'World' never abuses me!'

"Of all Becky's peculiarities, perhaps the greatest was her imagining that every man she saw or spoke to, fell in love with her. As she visited the public places, the consequence was, that she set down all his Majesty's ministers, and half the nobility of the land as her dying innamoratos. But she went farther, and wanted to make Topham call them all out (six at a time, in the manner of Bobadil,) to revenge the insulted dignity of her feelings. But this depopulation of all the squares at the West-end was a task he declined. Becky's malady reached its climax in her supposing that our late beloved and most virtuous monarch was among the number of her victims—she having been pointed out to him in the park, shortly after his recovery from his first mental attack. When the Sovereign was advised to try sea-air and water at Weymouth, Becky followed him, hired a yacht at a guinea a-day (for which Topham paid), and attended him in all his excursions. This evidence of loyalty, when first observed, was grateful to the bosom of the man who was indeed 'a father to his people'; and he used to exclaim—"Mrs. Wells—Wells!—Good Cowslip—fond of the water, eh?"—But the daily demonstration of her attachment grew at length to be very singular, if not serious. Whenever his Majesty cast his eye over the blue element, there was the bark of Becky careering in pursuit of him; the infatuated woman reposing on the deck, in all the languor and sumptuousness of Cleopatra. The royal attendants now began to suspect her motives; and the Sovereign became so annoyed at his eternal attendant, that, whenever he espied a sail, he inquired eagerly, 'It's not Wells, is it?' or, on perceiving the dreaded boat, 'Charlotte, Charlotte, here's Wells again!'

"A few days before his Majesty visited Plymouth, Mrs. Wells arrived as above mentioned, and offered her services to the theatre, which were cordially accepted. We naturally expected that on one or two nights the King would honour his favourite amusement with attention here as well as elsewhere; knowing that such nights would be overflows, we resolved to make the most of this harvest, and went to the expense and trouble of enclosing the entire pit as boxes. As soon as his Majesty arrived, I penned an appropriate address, to which I obtained the signatures of all the principals in Plymouth. This address was received by Lady Edgecombe (one of my best patrons), to be laid before the Queen, who was pleased to express a gracious approbation of my exertions, and to inquire the entertainments I proposed. I enumerated the pieces, and (little suspecting the rock I should split on) said, 'that in addition to the strength of the company, Mrs. Wells, of Covent Garden, had volunteered her services!' This was reported to his Majesty, who, congratulating himself most likely on his escape from her attentions, heard the name with surprise and vexation: 'Wells, Wells! Wells, again!—Cowslip's mad!—on sea, on land, haunts me everywhere!'

"Lady Edgecombe was then instructed to inform me that his Majesty would not visit the Plymouth Theatre during his stay; though the cause I was left to surmise or glean elsewhere; our expenses were therefore thrown away, and our expectations laughed at. Thus Mrs. Wells, by her eccentricity, this summer cost me at least a hundred pounds, and Topham two."

"The last time I encountered this lady was about a year after my return from America (1821), in the street leading to Westminster Bridge; though old and faded, she was still buoyant and loquacious; a young, rough-looking male companion was with

her, whom she instantly quitted to welcome me home. After about five minutes' conversation on past and present times, I begged not to keep her from her friend any longer. 'Friend!' she replied, putting a construction on the word which I by no means intended—'he's no' friend!—he's my husband!' It was now my turn to stare; and I inquired whether he was in the profession. She took him by the hand, and dancing up to me, through the stream of coalheavers, porters, and men of business that were passing, sang with great humour—

And havn't you heard of the jolly young waterman,
That at Westminster Bridge used to ply?" &c.
"Vale—Becky."

COLLEY CIBBER'S ADAPTATION OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

It is now many years since the poet Dryden closed a couplet with the following line:

"And murder plays, which they miscall reviving."

And it is also nearly two hundred years ago since an advertisement, published at the end of a newly printed play (*The Generous Choice*, by Francis Manning), said:

"This day is published the Last New Tragedy, called *Richard the Third*, written by Mr. Cibber."

Mr. Cibber, like one or two of his predecessors, and heaven only knows how many of his successors, had a knack of murdering or reviving old plays, and this advertisement announced another piece of such dramatic tinkering, for *Richard the Third*, re-written by Mr. Cibber, had been played before the Great Rebellion as the work of a certain once famous old dramatist and actor, named William Shakespeare, and was merely another "revival" very similar to that now being witnessed at the Queen's Theatre. Indeed, the old revival and the new are both being played in theatres almost within a stone's throw of each other, viz., at Drury Lane and the Queen's, so that we may, in a single evening, see and compare the "revival" or murder committed by old Colley Cibber of the seventeenth, or that by modern Mr. Coleman, of the nineteenth, century.

By-the-bye, as Mr. Coleman's name is by no means ignored, why should Colley Cibber's name be suppressed? A large portion of this famous stage play of *Richard the Third* really belonged to him—more than most people have any idea of—and if Cibber ignored Shakespeare, that is no good or sufficient reason for the exclusion of Cibber's name. In all fairness, let those managers who adopt what is called "the acting edition" of *Richard the Third* boldly place upon their playbills the associated names of Shakespeare and Mr. Cibber. Does anyone believe that Shakespeare ever wrote lines at all like the following?

I tell thee, cuz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—now tho'
Thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl, offensive to my eyes;
I would have some friend to tread upon 'em.

This paltry addition to a scene so wonderfully perfect as that in which the King proposes to Buckingham the murder of his nephews is, of course, Cibber's poor stuff, as is also much more of the same feeble kind. I think it would puzzle a better draughtsman than I am to give you a sketch of spiders crawling upon startled hopes, or I would try a marginal sketch; yet how often have I heard these lines quoted and admired as Shakespeare's by men who really ought to have known better.

Old Colley himself knew better, as witness the following extract from his "Apology," in which he speaks of these "Revivals":—"A sensible spectator might have looked upon the fallen stage as Portius, in the play of *Cato*, does upon his ruined country, and have lamented it, in (something near) the same exclamation, viz.—

O ye immortal bards!
What havock do these blockheads make among your works?
How are the boasted labours of an age
Defaced and tortured by ungracious action?

But why, you may ask, did Colley Cibber do this "blockhead" work of murdering or reviving? Let the dead man pleadingly reply, as dead men often do reply to those who are just or impartial enough to listen to them:

"I think I may very well be excused in my presuming to write plays, which I was forced to do for the support of my increasing family, my precarious income, as an actor, being then too scanty to supply it with even the necessities of life. It may be observable, too, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us, of both which kinds some died in their infancy, and nearly an equal number of which were alive when I quitted the theatre. . . . And whenever I took upon me to make some dormant play of an old author, to the best of my judgment fitter for the stage, it was honestly, not to be idle, that set me to work, as a good housewife will mend old linnen when she has not better employment."

It is evident from this how lightly the ancient actor regarded his original productions, and how much less he thought of his "old linnen" revivals; as to the "mending"—well that's a matter of opinion. Let's hear what some whose opinions had weight have said thereon.

A contemporary critic, author of *The Laureat*, speaks of poor Colley Cibber and his revival thus harshly:

"The play of *Richard the Third* was altered from Shakespeare—that is, it was vamped up by a modern poetical botcher, who, besides mangling and leaving out many beautiful and just images in the original, had pillaged his other plays to enrich this one. When it came to be acted, this mender of Shakespeare chose the part of Richard for himself, and screamed through four acts without dignity or decency. The audience, ill-pleased with the farce, accompanied him with a smile of contempt. But in the 5th act he degenerated all at once into Sir Novelty; and when, in the heat of battle at Bosworth Field the king is dismounted, our comic tragedian came on the stage, really breathless, and in a seeming panic, screaming out his line thus—"A harse! a harse! my kingdom for a harse!" This highly delighted some and disgusted others of his auditors, and when he was killed by Richmond, one might plainly perceive that the good people were not better pleased that so execrable a tyrant was destroyed than that so execrable an actor was silent. As to Vanbrugh's flattering our Apologist in the character of Richard, he might please him for ought I know, and he might have a very bad taste, for certainly the general taste was against him." Cibber, whose voice was weak, said in playing Richard he closely imitated Sandford, whose ability as a Shakespearean actor held high rank.

The author of "Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration," says:—"Whoever attempts to adapt an old play to the stage, more especially one of Shakespeare's, should lay it down as a rule to make no alteration but what is necessary, or at least expedient, whereas Cibber changes out of mere wantonness, the alterations which he makes, without rhyme or reason, are more than anybody would believe who had not compared the two plays—to enumerate them would be tiresome. . . . One has no wish to disturb Cibber's own tragedies in their tranquil graves, but while our indignation continues to be excited by the frequent representation of *Richard the Third* in so disgraceful a state, there can be no peace between the friends of unsophisticated Shakespeare and Cibber."

Cibber's adaptation, with its numerous additions and extensive alterations, has, however, never wanted champions. Charles Kean, when he revived *Richard the Third* so splendidly in the February of 1854, published a kind of apology for selecting Colley Cibber's version, in which he said:—

"It is now a general conviction, that to do justice on the stage to the immortal productions of Shakespeare, they should be represented as closely as possible in conformity with the ascertained text of the poet, and in the Shakespearean revivals which have taken place of late years, at more than one theatre, a laudable endeavour has been made to keep this salutary object in view. If a departure, then, from a rule which it behoves every true lover of his art to follow with loyal fidelity, occurs at any time, some apology or explanation would seem due to the public for the rare exception.

"In selecting the play of *Richard the Third*, I have, upon mature consideration, decided on adopting the well-known version of Colley Cibber, instead of going back to the original text of Shakespeare. That text has been practically declared by the greatest ornaments of the drama, less fitted in its integrity for representation on the stage than almost any other generally acted play of the great poet; whilst, on the other hand, the tragedy, as modified by Cibber, being *rather a condensation than an alteration of Shakespeare*, (the interpolations themselves being chiefly selections from his other plays), has been pronounced one of the most admirable and skilful instances of dramatic adaptation ever known. David Garrick made his first appearance in London, in 1741, in Colley Cibber's version of *King Richard the Third*; and Henderson adopted the same play; the classical John Kemble followed deliberately in the wake of his great predecessors; and to these succeeded George Frederick Cooke, and my late father, Edmund Kean. With such distinguished precedents for my guide I might well hesitate in reverting on the present occasion to the original text, even if their judgment had not been sanctioned by the voice of experience, and were it not also a fact that the tragedy of *King Richard the Third*, as adapted by Cibber, is most intimately associated with the traditional admiration of the public for those renowned and departed actors.

"There may be a question as to the propriety of tampering at all with the writings of our bard, but there can be none that as an acting play, Colley Cibber's version of 'King Richard the third' evinces great dramatic judgment, and a consummate acquaintance with scenic effect. To be convinced of this, it is sufficient to glance at the skilful arrangement of the fifth act, and there can be no doubt that a careful comparison of the original and the altered tragedy, left no choice to the masters I have named, who were naturally anxious to present the work in the most striking and spirit-stirring form before the eyes of the spectator."

Thus do critics of eminence and ability differ. But it is worthy of note, as a practical comment upon Mr. Charles Kean's remarks, that the costly revival of Colley Cibber's *Richard*, with all the advantages of magnificent scenery, stage effects, and gorgeous costumes, selected and made with the closest reference to the best authorities, ran only nineteen nights. Mr. John William Cole, in "The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean" (1859), asks why this "great Shakespearean revival" failed, and comes to the conclusion, on apparently good grounds, that it could have been due to one cause only. Hesays:—"We can only conclude that it was because Cibber's adaptation had lost its time-honoured credit, and nothing would be tolerated but genuine, unadulterated Shakespeare." And yet with every sign of popularity and prospect of success, that same "adaption" is now once more before the public.

By-the-bye, if Charles Kean's reasons for adopting Cibber's version were sound, why not adopt the eccentric version of *Hamlet*, which Garrick preferred, and which has never been played since his death, or John Kemble's still more eccentric revival of *The Tempest*, with Davenant's absurd character of Dorinda in it, or some other of the not less astounding "Revivals" of other great actors.

For myself, I agree with the *Times*, which thinks it a pity that the management of Drury Lane made choice of Cibber's rather than of Shakespeare's *Richard*, and says:—"Had the real play been well and carefully produced and favourably received, it would, indeed, have been an argument in favour of that interest in the works of the poet which is now supposed to be undergoing the process of revival in the popular breast. It is on this supposition that this representation has been given—so, at least, we are told by the manager himself; yet surely it is somewhat inconsistent to base the reason for the production of a play which is not Shakespeare's on the interest which is now shown in the works of that poet. Nor is it any argument to point to the precedents of Garrick, Cooke, Kean, or Macready. The world would be in a curious state if such arguments were allowed to stand everywhere; indeed, that they are allowed to stand at all is in a great measure why our stage occasionally presents so curious an aspect. Cibber's version, as it is called, is not so much a version of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, as a formless and purposeless jumble of several plays of Shakespeare; *Richard II*, *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, and the original *Richard* all being laid under a heavy toll. Cibber's version is, indeed, in one respect even worse than that version of *Henry V* to which we have been lately treated at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Coleman, it is true, did about as much as a man may dare, but he did not put words into the poet's mouth. From even this, however, Cibber has not shrunk; and, though by no means the contemptible creature Pope has made him out to be, Colley Cibber was certainly not the man to improve on Shakespeare. Certain modifications and excisions are, no doubt, indispensable to the placing of these plays upon the stage, and where adequate reasons can be given, and justified by the result, certain transpositions of scenes may be accepted. But there is a limit to the patience, as there should be to the presumption, of man, and we must say that in these two latest representations, or mutilations—which is, perhaps, the truer word—of Shakespeare, it appears to us that limit has been passed, nor, we must repeat, can we accept the argument that the custom of nearly 200 years may justify the deed in the one case any more than we are inclined to accept the result as any justification in the other case."

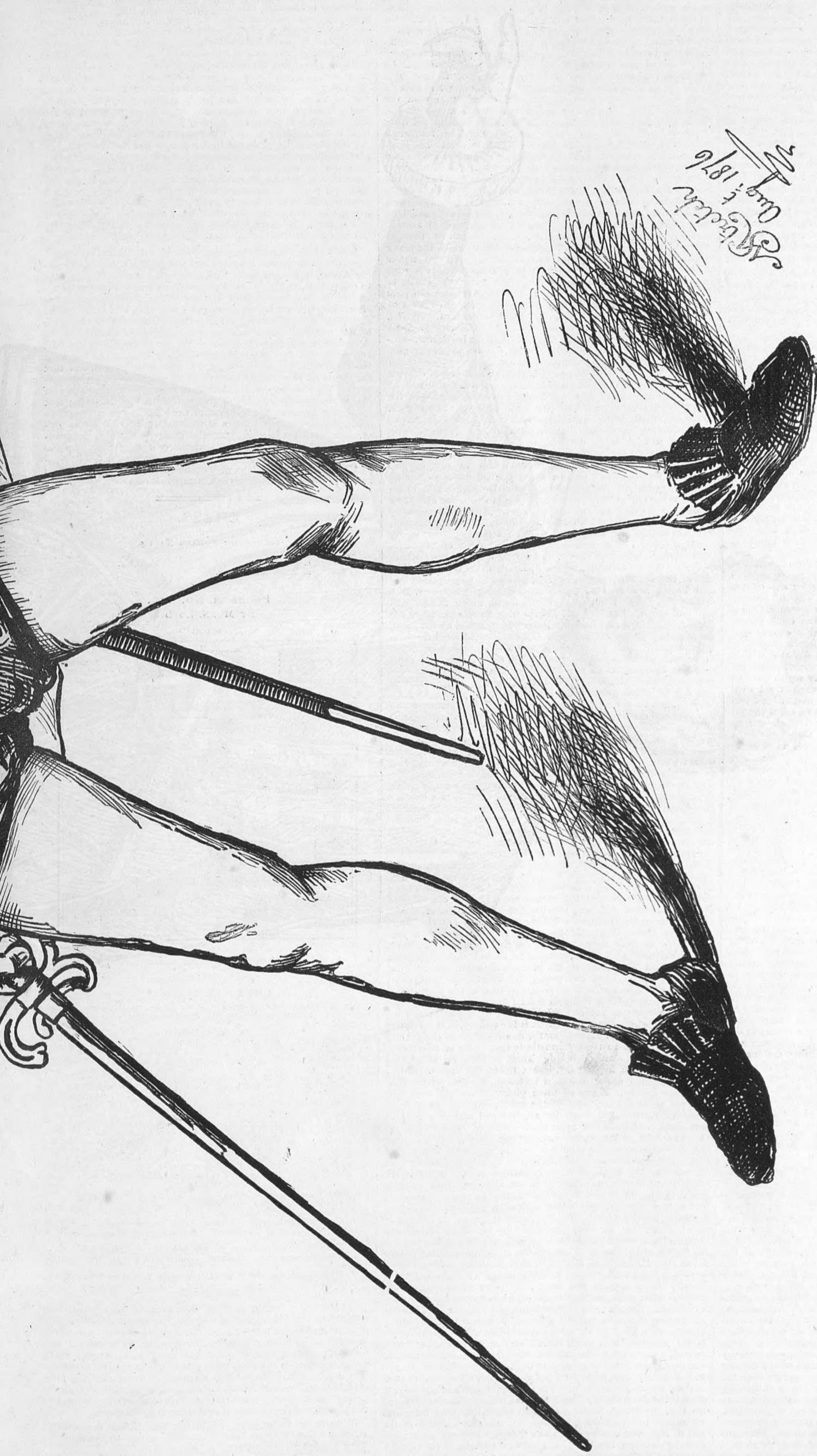
I think I may say of this article with Montaigne, "I have gathered a poesy of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own," and it is none the worse for that.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

We glean the following from a contemporary:—"A bachelor nobleman was recently out deerstalking with a number of friends, his next brother being one of the party. The latter is very well known and exceedingly popular in society, but a bad shot. He was some paces behind his brother, when they sighted a splendid stag. 'Try your hand, old fellow,' whispered the peer, and the 'old fellow' trying 'his hand,' neatly lifted his brother's cap off with the shot. 'Missed the stag and nearly won a coronet,' observed an individual who is remarkable for his *mal à propos* remarks. This so keenly touched the bad shot that he has firmly resisted all persuasions to touch a gun in his brother's company."

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.





MR. HARRY ST. MAUR AS "COURTENAY," IN "TWIXT AXE AND CROWN."

OUI DIRE.

WE are shortly to have from M. Offenbach's pen a volume describing his recent trip in the United States, which, says our informant, will tell how he thought of writing a comical little piece, all trills, and quavers, and shakes, and wonderful *tremulosos*, entitled *The Beautiful Shakeress*; how he went to hear Mr. Sankey sing; how he was credited with having composed "that lovely piece, the 'Dead March' in *Saul*"; how he was petted and *fêted*, and dosed with fearful and wonderful cocktails; how a blooming virgin of forty asked for his candid opinion about free love, and another inquired what he thought the music of Heaven was like; how, when he arrived at Niagara, a pensive inhabitant of the locality volunteered to him the information that "It was blamed slow—nothing doing—no one had catapulted himself over the Fall for three mortal weeks!" and how, at another place, he was told that he had just missed a real treat, which turned out to be a gentlemen who had suddenly fallen dead in the street; how particularly fond Mormons are of fat bacon; and how at San Francisco he saw a man, said to weigh three hundred and thirty pounds, eating oysters by the bushel at *table d'hôte*; &c., &c. It is known that the book is full of anecdote from beginning to end, and if these be some of them, they will prove light reading enough. The manuscript is already in the hands of Colmann Lévy and Co., and the volume will appear simultaneously in Europe and America.

DON CARLOS, when in the United States, paid a visit to Booth's Theatre, in New York, and a man rushed over to the box fitted up for him, and attempted to tear down his flags, exclaiming, in imperfect English, "This is for no true man or Spaniard." He happened to be an Alfonsist, and was, very properly, ejected from the theatre for his rudeness.

IN Spain, during the months of October and November, parties of sportsmen, armed with double-barrelled breech-loaders, and attired in tunics strapped in at the waist by leather belts—from which hang the ammunition pouches—long leather gaiters, reaching from the hips to the ankles, and large flat caps, called *beretta*, may frequently be seen setting out early in the morning towards the mountains, which lie at a distance of about 15 miles from Pampeluna, having been preceded on the previous afternoon by peasants, specially engaged for the occasion as beaters, whom they rejoin at the place of rendezvous. In order to ascertain the animals' whereabouts, the beaters scour the forest the day previous to that fixed for the hunt; then, late at night, in the open glades of the woods of Aya they fasten, by means of a strong iron wire, great pieces of fresh meat, reeking with blood, to wooden stakes, which are driven firmly into the ground, a score or so of baits of this description being placed at regular distances apart over an area of about 1,500 yards. At daybreak the next morning the beaters return to examine their bait, and following the traces of blood left by the raw meat, which the cats are sure to have carried off during the night, and the imprints of the animals' claws in the ground, they generally succeed in tracing them to their homes, which they never by any chance abandon. Acting upon the information furnished by the beaters, the sportsmen set out in search of the game. In summer time it is by no means easy to find it, on account of the thick foliage which covers the trees; and as the cats invariably choose that part of the trunk which is most hidden from sight for the purpose of making their nests or lairs, the task is still more difficult at that season of the year. In autumn and winter, however, when the trees are completely stripped of their leaves, they are discovered much more easily. The sportsmen spread themselves out over the ground selected by the beaters, taking care that at least two are together when the game is found. As soon as a cat is caught sight of, one of them fires at it—say at a distance of about fifty yards—while his companion reserves his shot in case of danger, a precaution not altogether useless. If the animal is mortally wounded it falls from the branch of the tree to the ground, and expires after a few convulsive leaps in the air; but if it is missed or only slightly hurt it will often spring upon its assailant, and unless he be very expert will frequently do him serious injury. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna tell the tale of a man named Gorri, who was attacked in this way by a wild cat, and whose body was discovered the following morning literally torn to pieces. When the first shot fails to take effect the second sportsman fires, and often brings the animal down just as it is preparing to spring. In this way a score or so of guns frequently kill as many as a hundred wild cats in a day, and as these expeditions are renewed three or four times in the course of the winter, these dangerous animals would soon be completely exterminated, were it not for the rapidity with which they breed. In early spring the female gives birth to half-a-dozen kittens. While she is engaged in rearing them she never by any chance wanders from home, and hardly ever leaves her nest, the male providing her with food so long as the young ones continue sucking. She has another litter later on in the year, and when the shooting season comes round again, wild cats are generally as plentiful as ever. The return of the shooting party is quite a fête to the inhabitants of Pampeluna. The game is brought home in a cart, decorated with branches, and drawn by six horses, preceded by the band of the municipality, playing the airs of patriotic and hunting songs. The sportsmen, who form a kind of escort to the vehicle, are greeted as they enter the town by the applause and shouts of an admiring multitude, and in the evening are invited by the alcalde to a banquet at the Town-hall, where the *civet* and *roti* of wild cat occupy a prominent feature in the *menu*. The wild cat is considered excellent eating. Its flesh is as white as that of the rabbit, but more delicate, and of a more refined flavour. It is generally prepared *en civet* in preference to being roasted, and is much esteemed by the people of Navarre. At the Pampeluna market a large hare costs twelve reals (about 2s. 6d.), whereas a wild cat fetches as much as twenty-four and thirty reals, or nearly 5s. and 6s.

ONE who subscribes himself M. Scriblerus the Younger, has addressed the following remarks to the Lord Chamberlain as a remonstrance, and published the same in our valuable contemporary *The Builder*. "Scriblerus" says:—"It hath pleased you (my dear Lord), from time to time, and in the exercise of judicial duties, to recommend to the present managers of our THEATRE methods of reform, which, I make no doubt, are instalments of a wise and, as yet, concealed Project for the Advancement of the Stage. But as a judge passes sentence to small purpose if the judgment remain unexecuted, so the anathema of a Pope, which injures no one, is not a greater absurdity than the dictum of a Censor, which is not accepted. Your Lordship's hands are, without doubt, tied by bad precedents, and the conflicting circumstances of the present; and as I would not have posterity record an only triumph in the epigram, that, Shocked with bare shoulders which delight the eye of your own world, you covered knees which had offended that of ours, so I will here deliver to you (perhaps with more freedom than prudence) my opinion of the greater extent of your duties. And I will venture to declare that the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement, among some of the men and women of our nation, is in part due to that scrupulous care with which, in the majority of our theatres, the eye of the public is protected from unlawful sights, while its mind is neither preserved from evil, nor its body from danger therein. In an age, when it is thought sacrilegious to deface an ancient inscription, or clean a mutilated grotesque, I hold it inconsistent, and a reproach to our

good sense, that the literature of genuine Comedy should be impudently perverted, in order to gratify the taste of the moderns; and that the interpolations of buffoonery should be palmed off, as the work of men of Wit and Humour, upon audiences unable to distinguish between that which is original and that which has been "restored." I pass over the judgment which hath permitted a ploughman of the last century to carry a short pipe, and a milk-maid (his sister) to talk about her photograph; but in presence of the many new readings and additions, now introduced by clown and pantaloons, into the chief works of a past age, I do protest against the modesty of editors who have a clear right to a share in the honours of applause with the original authors. A play thus embellished should be described in the bills as the joint production of Messrs. Geo. Colman and Co.; or of Mr. Sheridan and others; or of Sir John Vanbrugh (Limited). And I do further protest against the practice of English adapters, who transform the courtesan of another nation into the merry wife and frolicsome widow of ours. Neither hath it yet appeared to me rational for Englishmen, who have outlived the Second Empire, to fight duels at Scarborough. Nor is it seemly for counterfeit men to squeak with women's voices, in scenes, where actors and actresses are boisterous, when they should be only lively; giggle, when they should smile; and, in mimick drawing-rooms, bandy conversation which might be thought "smart" at College or on the Racecourse, but to which the polite world, being wholly ignorant thereof, hath given no name. Although I own that the temptation to sin in this manner is great in the presence of an audience, which, silent under the stroke of Irony and deaf to Satire, is uproarious in its appreciation of a pun, if it be easy to understand; or of a social paradox, provided it be gross; or of a political allusion, if it have a vulgar turn. Indeed, the intellectual character of our dramatic audiences is finely gauged by the Parisian actor. As the Athenian architect, summoned to erect a palace or a villa for his Roman patron, emphasised material effect and grossified ornament, so the French artist before an English crowd exaggerates gesture, and points delicate indecency with a prurient glance: for in no other way can he secure the attention of a people whose THEATRE subsists by the antics of Burlesque. There are still, however, Frenchmen, as of old there were Athenians who had never seen Rome—rich enough to decline humouing the taste of the British publick; and it is to the honour of 'French Comedians' that they lately preferred the provincial appreciation of Brussels to the dulness of insular enthusiasm in our capital. As I have thought fit to plead for the publick mind, so now on behalf of its body, I beg leave to call your Lordship's serious attention to the state of some of the buildings in which our THEATRE occupies a divided and uncertain home. And I do solemnly affirm that many, if not all, of them are in one or other particular, so full of defects and abuses, as to call for the inspection of our Sanitary police. The stalled journalist, who too often praises with effusion, where he should damn with force, knows nothing of those parts of a theatre, which, in London, are devoted to the uses of the common people; and a person of your quality (my dear Lord), is always ushered with becoming deference into a private box. But I am of that little world, which in its 'petit coin' of the *pit*, bumbled M. Lekain with its silence, when the vociferations of the multitude had otherwise gratified his ear; and, the friend of actors and actresses, I have long admired the foresight of that Church, which strikes with Excommunication those, to witness whose triumphs, the people risk health, and court death, in the heights of a poisoned *gallery*, or the depths of a pestiferous *pit*. The design of our theatres is like a labyrinth, in and out of which nobody can get but by long practice, a good memory, and an exhausting patience. Their architecture is one of vaults and cellars with a covering of bandboxes, rather than one of domes and pyramids; and their architects are as exceeding careful in the choice of narrow passages, and entrance-chasms, as their managers in the sober and orderly way of ranging people within them. It hath ever seemed to me that the waiting in a crowd without their doors is, in a man, a proof of folly, and, in a woman, the negation of modesty. The vast improvement of public entertainments, such as the roasting-alive of families in a burning house, or of an Indignation-speech; and of private ones, such as a Hanging at Newgate, ariseth from their being supervised by policemen, among whom the duty of direction is divided. But in our theatres, the guardian of the streets remains within, while the people press outside; and the curse of the tripe-merchant, at the *pit*-door no more reacheth his ear than doth the scream of the oyster-woman at the *gallery*-gate. Nothing in the entrances of a French theatre can be compared with those of a London one; nor have I ever seen anything here to equal the dire confusion of persons who force their way into the latter,—except once, when, at the Palace, I witnessed the ladies and gentlemen of the Court struggling under the guidance of one of your lordship's predecessors, to pay their respects to the Queen; but, with this difference, that St. James only looked the unutterable things which St. Giles, in an honest fashion, saith. Your Lordship's recent edict concerning the freedom of gangways, hath removed a row of benches here, and stray chairs there, but it hath not prevented individuals from interposing their upright bodies in the way of the sole retreat from fire or panic; and for this they have sometimes excuse. It is the custom, in the Theatre Royal—and other Houses, for the money-takers at the *pit* and *gallery* entrances, to reply affirmatively that there is still room, when all the seats are occupied. There is, then, no alternative except to stand in a gangway, lose a ticket, the value of which, though obtained under mistaken pretences, is never returned, or pay more money. Many of these pits, both in old and new theatres, are below the level of the street; and that place where the gods breath fumes fitted for another and opposing class of immortals, is attained only after much climbing. It hath pleased God to refrain of late years from visiting our theatres with fire; but, if a panic seized the minds of people assembled in some of them (and especially in those hemmed in by private houses), I do believe that the death of many spectators, and the injury of all, would result therefrom. And if, in our theatres, there be little means to save life in case of sudden tumult, the means to preserve health, in a calm, are insufficient, useless, or illusory. Will your Lordship inquire whence the occupants at [hiatus in MS.] obtain the air they breathe? In the three last-named theatres the atmosphere of the *pit* is foul, and that of the third is the foulest of the three. There, in one corner of a cellar, a door is left ajar, whence blasts of cold air chill the damp bodies of those nearest it; and while the noxious effluvium of a refreshment-bar is thereby blown towards the stage, the heavy gases which hang over the other parts are kept stagnant, for not even a hole-in-the-wall exists. In most of these underground regions dried throats and restless lungs are partially relieved by beer and spirits; and a woman, who, like 'Jo,' is always moving on, hath incited Demos, in my presence, to quench thirst, and at an exorbitant tariff. Indeed, I cannot but congratulate this age and country that, in our THEATRE, profit or gain, both in the gratification of the eye and of the stomach, is the principal aim of contractors; and to such as these it would be ingratitude not to own that other of our arts are often infinitely indebted. The Greeks and Romans have not suffered from all the ills which, in a theatre, afflict the more ingenuous moderns. I cannot doubt but that the antients excelled in the arts of theatrical construction; and though I hear and see in many parts of the town, theoretical and practical eulogies of the Gothic manner, which some say is the sole panacea of constructive genius,

I am convinced, in the matter of theatres, that, since the days of *Vitruvius*, no art or science hath progressed less than Architecture. The antient theatres, whose ruins abound in Europe, possessed in common this unique quality: of never intercepting, with columns or obstructions, the view of the proscenium from any single spectator. And besides the fire-resisting nature of their materials they possessed another great advantage over the speculating manager's theatre of the moderns—consisting in the order, conduct, and regard for decency, which the different gradations of spectators enjoyed. Now, on the contrary, *Silenus* is often obliged to confine an unwieldy body and its swollen extremities, within an area of 18 in. by 22 in.; and partly enveloped by the robes of pretty maidens from the country, or wives from town, he sits jaded, but not ill-pleased! Indeed, it hath long seemed to me that, in the majority of our theatres, there is a scandalous wedging together of the sexes, of grown people and children, which is more conducive to public immorality than the short skirts of a ballet-girl, or the false wit of double-entendre; and I commend some of our *pits* and *galleries* to your Lordship's private inspection and public conscience: whether they are places to which prudent men should take their daughters or their wives—quite irrespective of poisoned air which must affect the health of all; and of fire which may yet prove (and mark it well, my dear Lord) the violent destruction of many helpless people."

SOME time since a paragraph headed "A Bold Challenge" appeared in the sporting papers, and was generally copied by leading American newspapers. The paragraph referred to purported to emanate from Mr. M. H. Sanford immediately after the Goodwood Cup race, won by New Holland, challenging the owner of New Holland for a large amount, to a race with Preakness on the same conditions governing the Goodwood Cup, with the exception of the weights, which were to be increased. Another of our American contemporaries says:—"We are assured, from the best authority, that Mr. Sanford knew nothing whatever of any such challenge until he saw it going the rounds of the press, and that the owner of New Holland was equally surprised at its appearance. We have reason to know that it is not the intention of Mr. S. to provoke a feeling of rivalry with English turfmen; that gentleman has been the recipient of the kindest treatment at their hands during his brief sojourn in their midst, and they fully appreciate his object in testing the relative merits of a few American-bred horses, as contrasted with those of a similar age, on the British turf. Those who are personally acquainted with Mr. Sanford will readily acquit him of a desire to attract attention to his horses by any such small devices, uttered in a boastful spirit."

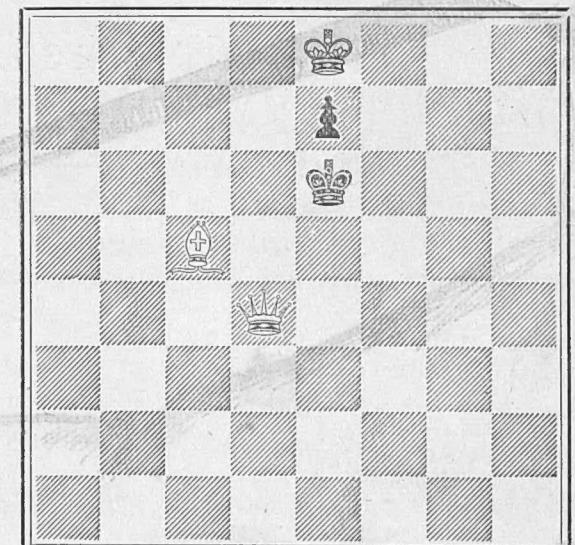
CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 115.

WHITE.
1. Q to K Kt sq
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 116.
BY MR. S. LOYD.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following ingenious example of the Evans Gambit was contested, some time ago, between the late Mr. De Vere and Mr. Howard Taylor of Norwich.

EVANS'S GAMBIT.	WHITE (Mr. De V.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. De V.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4		16. P to K B 4	P to Q R 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3		17. Kt to K Kt 3	R to Q B sq (b)
3. B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4		18. P to K B 5	Kt to K 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P		19. B takes Kt	Q P takes B (c)
5. P to Q B 3	B to Q B 4		20. Kt to R 5	B to Q R 2
6. Castles	P to Q 3		21. Q to K Kt 4	R to K B 2
7. P to Q 4	P takes P		22. Kt to B 3	P to Q Kt 4
8. P takes P	B to Q Kt 3		23. R to Q B sq	P to Q B 5
9. P to Q 5	Kt to Q R 4		24. B to K B sq (d)	Q to Q Kt 3
10. B to Q Kt 2	Kt to K 2		25. B to K 2	P to B 6
11. Kt to Q 3	Castles		26. Kt to Q Kt 3	Kt takes Kt
12. Kt to Q B 3	P to K B 3 (a)		27. P takes Kt	K to R sq
13. Kt to K 2	P to Q B 4		28. R to K R 3 (e)	Q to K B 7
14. Kt to Q 2	Kt to K Kt 3		29. Q to K Kt 6	K to Kt sq
15. K to R sq	B to Q 2		30. Q tks KRP(ch)(f)	and White wins.

(a) This is somewhat premature. He ought to play P to Q B 4 first.
(b) This is altogether too tardy a process to effect any permanent diversion of the attack on the King's side.
(c) We should have preferred retaking with the other pawn; but Black doubtless was afraid of his opponent eventually establishing a Knight at King's 6th.
(d) We should have preferred 24. B to Q Kt sq, or 24. B to K 2.
(e) A subtle move, the object of which was obviously unforeseen by White.
(f) Quite conclusive, for if Black now move K to B sq, White wins by P to Q 6th.

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